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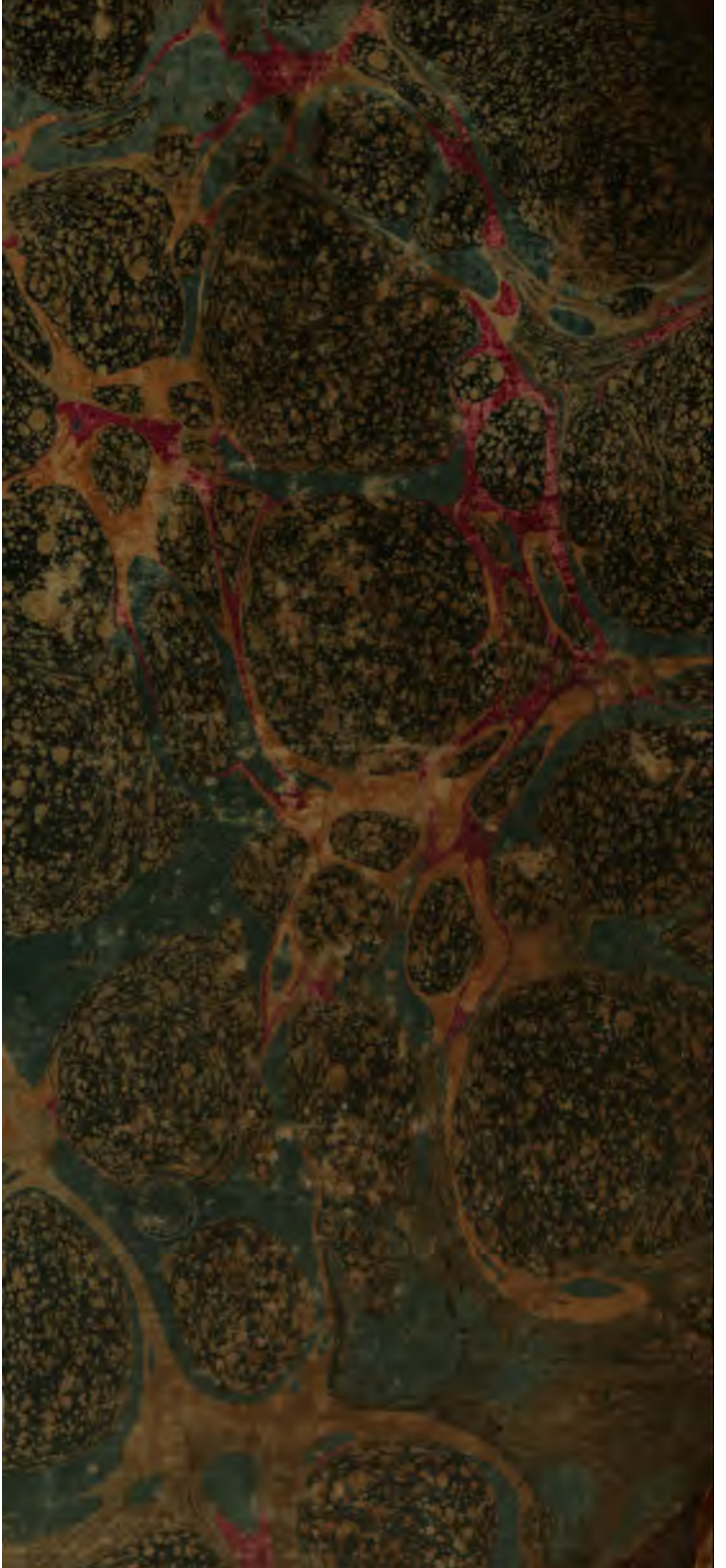

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416

Henry Merrik Hoare.

N12963167

Italian	32
Venetian	10
Spanish	10
French	19
German	11
Flemish	31
Dutch	58
English	16
Total	187

A

Descriptive Catalogue

(WITH REMARKS AND ANECDOTES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH)

OF SOME

PICTURES,

OF THE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS,

PURCHASED

For His Majesty

THE LATE KING OF POLAND;

Which will be exhibited early in 1802,

At the Great Room,

No. 3,

IN BERNERS-STREET,

The third Door on the right, from Oxford-Street.

By NOEL DESENFANS, Esq.

LATE CONSUL GENERAL OF POLAND, IN GREAT-BRITAIN.

VOL. I.

Containing the Italian, Venetian, Spanish, and French Schools.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED.

LONDON:

May be had, at Five Shillings the Two Volumes, of Cadell and Davies, Strand; Hookham, Old Bond-street; Hookham, New Bond-street; Lackington, Allen, and Co. Finsbury-square; Jones, Pater-noster-row; Black and Barry, Leadenhall-street.

EXTON, TYP. GREAT PORTLAND-STREET.

1802.

ASHMOLEAN
MUSEUM
OXFORD

FEB. - 1925

*** It being expected that the entrance-money to the Exhibition, will defray the Expences attending it, and no lucre whatever being aimed at by the sale of the collection, each picture shall be marked at the very price it has cost, as will be seen by the receipts of such as were bought by private contract; and the references that will be given for those which were purchased at public sales.

The Pictures are offered to the Public, for Sale by Private Contract, to be carried on during the Time of the Exhibition, by a Committee appointed for that Purpose, on the following

Conditions of Sale.

First.—The Purchasers will leave the Pictures in the Room, till the end of the Exhibition, which will begin in the course of February next, and will continue a whole Month, or Six Weeks.

Secondly.—The Purchasers are to pay 20 per Cent. on the Purchase Money, which they will forfeit, if

they neglect paying the Remainder and ſending for their pictures within Three Days after the Exhibition is over.

Thirdly.—It is preſumed that almoſt every Picture is pure, and painted by the Maſter under whoſe Name it is marked in the Catalogue, and that has been done to the beſt of our judgment, which however is far from being infallible; therefore as the Committee cannot warrant their being ſo, the Buyer muſt abide by his own judgment, or by that of whomſoever he may conſult.

Fourthly.—Every Purchaſer will receive a free Admiſſion Ticket to the Exhibition.

Fifthly.—The Pictures are to be removed at the Expence of the Purchaſers.

Sixthly.—In order to facilitate Payments, the Committee are authorized to take Bills, drawn or accepted by creditable Perſons, at Six or Twelve Months, on the Purchaſer paying the Intereſt of 5 per Cent. on the ſame.

N. B. That the Lovers of the Art, Collectors and Artiſts, may cloſely and minutely inſpect every Picture, Steps of different Sizes will every Day be brought to the Room, from Ten till Twelve o'Clock.

Index to the Pictures.

A

	No.
Albano, Francesco	6, 7, 8
Amiconi, Jacopo	29

B

Borretini, Petro da Cortona	17, 18
Bassan, Giacomo	38
Bordone, Paris	42
Bourdon, Sebastian	59
Both, John	121
Berchem, Nicholas	122, 123, 124, 125, 126
Backhuysen, Ludolf	156, 157
Brouwer, Adrian	167
Bonnaert, John	171
Bourgeois, Francis	176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184

C

Caracci, Annibal	1, 2
Castiglione, Beneditto	21
Cignani, Carlo	27, 28
Casanova,	52
Coques, Gonzales	104
Champagne, Philip de	107
Cuyp, Albert	142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148
Caton, Charles	185

D

	No.
Dolce, Carlo	13
Douw, Gerard	127, 128, 129
Dewitt, Emanuel	151
Duc, Le	161

F

Ferri, Cero	19
Ferg, Francis Paul	79
Fuseli, Henry	80
Fouquieres, James	110

G

Guercino, Giovano Francesco	14, 15, 16
Giordano, Luca	22
Giorgione, del Castel Franco	37
Guido, Reni	3, 4, 5

H

Holbein, Hans	73
Hobbima, Minderhout	111
Huysum, John Van	137
Heyden, John Vander	140, 141
Hugtenberg, John Van	165

J

Jordaens, James	102, 103
Jardin, Karel du	130, 131, 132, 133

L

Lutte, Benedetto	24
Laura, Filippo	25
Lorraine, Claude	60, 61, 62, 63, 64
Linglebach, John	74
Loutherbourg, Philip James de	81, 82

M

Mola, Francesco . . . 23
Moratti, Carlo 30
Murillo, Bartholomew Stephen 47, 48, 49, 50, 51
Mignard, Peter 66
Miel, Jan Giovanni Della Vite . 112, 113

N

Northcote, James . . . 172, 173

O

Ostade, Adrian 75
Ostade, Isaac 76, 77, 78
Opie, John 174

P

Poussin, Nicolo 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58
Poussin, Gaspar 67
Pynaker, Adam . 152, 153, 154, 155
Pœlemberg, Cornelius . . 168
Potter, Paul 170

R

Rosa, Salvator . . . 10, 11, 12
Romanelli, Giovani Francesco . . 20
Rembrandt 72
Rubens, Peter Paul . 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88
Ruysdael, Jacob . . 135, 136
Reynolds, Joshua, . . 186, 187

S

Sarto, Andrea del 9
Sacchi, Andrea . . . 26
Spagnoletto, Giuseppe Ribera . 46
Stella, James 65

Serres, Dominick . . 70
Swanefeld, Herman . . 108, 109
Stuart 175

T

Tiepolo, ... 33, 34
Titian, ... 35
Tintoretto, Giacomo . . . 36
Teniers, David . 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101
Terburgh, Gerard 139

V

Veronese, Paolo 39, 40
Veronese, Alexander . . . 41
Velasquez, Don Diego . . 43, 44, 45
Vernet, Joseph . . . 71
Vandyck, Anthony . 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94
Vandermeulen, Anthony Francis . 105, 106
Vanharp, ... 134
Vanderveldt, William . . 149, 150
Vandervelde, Adrian . . 162, 163, 164
Vlieger, De 166
Vanderwerf, Adrian . . . 169

W

Watteau, Anthony . . . 68, 69
Wouvermans, Philip 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120
Weeninx, J. B. 138
Wynants, John 158
——— and Vandervelde, Adrian . 159
——— and Lingleback, . . 160

Z

Zuccarelli 31, 32

PICTURES.

IT was in 1790, *immediately after the French Revolution, at that epoch when the Emigrant Nobility brought into England, their most precious effects to be disposed of, that Stanislaus Augustus sent here a commission for purchasing a Collection of Pictures, in order to add some to those his Majesty was already possessed of, and to present the different Artists in Poland, with the other part, as models and specimens of Painting; for his Majesty having a most refined taste of the fine arts, was fond of them, and had at heart, their rise and progress in his country.*

In consequence it was recommended to us, to act with such caution as to purchase none but Originals and fine Pictures of the

different Schools, when we should meet with them, at a liberal but not extravagant price; and it is on that principle that they have all been gradually purshased, both at public Sales and by private Contract. But notwithstanding a Collection may consist of good Pictures, they cannot all be of equal merit and equal value.

As his Polish Majesty was particularly desirous of possessing none but pure pictures, we were also instructed, to prevent any damage, not to have them cleaned, which, as the visitors of the Exhibition will see, has been punctually observed with the exception of a few which, after they were bought, were found to have been painted upon, although we had used the best of our knowledge against purchasing such; fortunately they had been so without necessity, and are now an ornament to the Collection.

The public affairs of Poland were much deranged, and the Empress of Russia as

well as the King of Prussia had already invaded the Polish territories, when this collection, though far advanced, was yet far from being compleated. However we went on in our pursuit, to render it worthy of a Sovereign, or at all chance of an exhibition, and it was with that view that we continued to make our purchases to the very last spring, when it was expected that the late King of Poland's family would send for the Cabinet; at which time some of our friends being desirous to see it before the exportation, saw about half of the pictures, as they could not all be shewn for want of room.

But previous to that epoch, and soon after his Majesty's demise, we applied to the British Government for their protection and interference in our behalf, with Paul the Emperor of Russia, that as principal possessor of the Polish estates, and bound of course to discharge their and the late King's Debts, his Imperial Majesty would be

pleased either to take the Collection, and reimburse what it had cost, or to defray the expences of a public sale by auction, and us of our losses, if any were sustained.

As soon as Lord Grenville, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, had perused our memorial, and the different letters of his Polish Majesty's Prime Minister on the subject of this collection, his Lordship sent them to Lord Whitworth at St. Petersburgh, but unfortunately the harmony which 'till then had subsisted between that Court and the Court of London, was on it's decline, and soon after his Excellency returned home.

However on the accession of Alexander to the imperial throne, we renewed our application, and requested Lord Whitworth to remit to us our papers, in order to lay before his Imperial Majesty the proofs of our just claim; but his Lordship answered, that after his departure from St. Petersburgh, the archive had been destroyed to prevent it's

falling into the hands of the Russian Government, at that time inimical to this country, and that he was afraid all our papers had shared the same fate.

However his Lordship was so kind as to write to Russia for further inquiries; but last September, we received the following letter, which put an end to our expectations, and made us then determine to submit the pictures to the public:—

"The inclosed will confirm to you "what I had apprehended concerning "the fate of your papers. I hope the "documents with which I furnished "you, will in some degree compensate "their loss.

"Your most obedient
"humble servant,
"WHITWORTH."

Stoneland, Sept. 4, 1801.

It must be observed that as those pictures were intended for the Continent, several of them have been divested of their frames, in order to lessen the number of cases in which they were to be packed, whilst others are still in the very cases made for them, to guard against accidents; so that the brilliant shew which is generally displayed in exhibitions, must not be expected in this; but we flatter ourselves that although many pictures will be seen in their deshabillé, *the true judges of the art will be compensated by their quality.*

Owing to our caution against copies, a very small number of Italian, in comparison with those of the Flemish and Dutch schools, will be found in the collection, but some of them are first-rate performances; in fact, it is much easier to be imposed upon with an Italian copy, than with a Dutch or a Flemish, as every one of us is more conversant in, and better acquainted with those two schools.

As the pictures will speak for themselves, we intended to avoid all kind of encomiums, and merely to describe their subjects for the information of our readers; but we had scarce begun the work, when we found it as impossible to describe a meritorious performance without mentioning it's merits, as it would be for an artist to paint a beautiful woman without beauty, or a monster without deformities; but our eulogiums contain no sort of exaggeration whatever, and those who will compare the pictures with the catalogue, will judge whether we have not been scrupulously faithful in our descriptions, although that very caution may perhaps render it tedious now and then, by the too frequent repetition of the same terms.

In order to alleviate that defect, as well as to soften the natural dryness of so insipid a book as a mere catalogue, we have intermixed this, with a few Anecdotes never before published in English, and which are

relative either to the pictures themselves or their authors; they come from the common source of all anecdotes, books and hearsays, and many of them from Descamps, Houbraken, Le Compte, abrigé de la Vie des Peintres, De Piles and Felibien; *but such as we have not taken from them, we have no authority to warrant, as they only come from common report.*

We aim also at rendering this catalogue more useful, by introducing it in a new form; for if an ordinary one, in which the subject of a picture, is merely mentioned, must be deemed useful, surely that which describes it at large, will become much more so, since the collector who receives it, will be better informed: for want of that information, he is sometimes led to a sale where he finds himself disappointed, and the fear of another disappointment, prevents his attending a few days after, the sale in which are the very objects he is in search of.

As some of the pictures represent saints, or their deeds, we have inserted an abstract of their lives, taken out of their legends, and though most men are conversant with mythology, as some of the visitors may not be familiar with it, we have used the same precaution about poetical subjects, for how can we judge whether an artist has done justice to the hero of his performance, and given him a proper expression and character, if we are totally unacquainted with him?

But however good our intentions may be, we are almost sure of blame, was it but for the novelty of the catalogue, since some men are never satisfied unless they di approve; were we not censured also, when about fifteen years ago, we purchased for 2500 *guineas* The Sea-port with St. Ursula, by Claude, *which had been imported by Mr. Locke, out of the palace Barbarini, at Rome?*

As more than a century has elapsed, since so large a price had been given for a single picture, we were censured for it, as well as for having also laid out a large sum on a few other first-rate performances; It was however in consequence of that circumstance, that a favourable revolution then took place in the picture world, for immediately all the inferior pictures sunk, and the good ones rose in value.

The French, Italian, and Dutch dealers hearing that such high prices were given in England, for fine pictures, brought their best to London, where they were also obliged to pay dearer than they had used to do, for those they bought to carry home; therefore that branch of commerce acquired then great vigour; and as a heavy duty is paid at the custom house on the importation of pictures, the public revenue was benefited by the circumstance, as were all those who had made fine collections, which of course became considerably enhanced in their value.

Since that time, good pictures have daily increased in price. About two years ago 7000 pounds were paid in England, for two landscapes of Claude, and other pictures are equally dear in proportion, both in London and Paris.

A few modern pictures are in this collection, and amongst them, those which Sir Francis Bourgeois, painter to the late King of Poland, had painted for his Majesty, and which were to be sent with the cabinet.

Catalogue of Pictures.

Italian School.

ANNIBAL CARACCI, born at Bologna, 1560.

No. 1.

Adoration of the Shepherds.

IN the centre of an old stable, among a few domestic animals, the divine Infant reposes on straw. The Virgin is on the right, her hands joined in prayer, while St. Joseph behind, tenderly inclines forward to contemplate him.

On the left, the shepherds are approaching to make their offerings and worship the new-born babe; two of them clothed with skins, have already deposited a lamb at his feet, and in a rustic but submissive attitude, are standing before him in extacy and admiration.

A third shepherd is behind them, and at his side, a young shepherdess bearing on her head, a basket filled with presents, while a choir of descending angels are floating on a cloud above.

Celestial rays blaze around the Saviour of the World, and spread light and happiness on those who surround him in his low, obscure, natal place---the sons of kings are received in velvet cradles, richly embroidered with gold, and the great King of Kings, the son of God is born on the straw.

PAINTED ON COPPER.

BY THE SAME.

No. 2.

A Magdalen in a Landscape.

She is seen in the most solitary part of the landscape, reclining near some ruins, on a sand-bank partly covered with moss and a few scanty blades of grass; at the declivity of it is a stream

of water; and the Magdalen wears a red drapery, which from her waist, falls in large folds down to her feet.

She is leaning on a skull, and at her side is the cup of perfumes, with which she anointed the feet of our Saviour, the only remains of luxury which she bore with her into retirement.

If ever Annibal has displayed his abilities in a cabinet picture, it is in this, not only for the spirit that reigns throughout the landscape, but the Magdalen alone must be considered as a small *chef d'œuvre* of art, as well for boldness of design as for expression. *A. Caracci*

We feel affected by her dignity, and are still captivated by those fatal charms which she could not bereave herself of in the desart, though merely adorned by her flaxen hair which flows over her shoulders and her bosom—but she no longer belongs to the world, and her lips, formerly the seat of illicit love, are now opened to intreat God's pardon, while those eyes, in which vice used to riot,

are bathed in tears, and fixed on heaven in sorrow and remorse.

ON CANVAS.

GUIDO RENI, born at Bologna, 1754.

No. 3.

Saint Sebastian.

The family of Saint Sebastian was originally of Narbonne, but afterwards established itself at Milan, where he was born, and educated in the Christian faith. At the age of sixteen, and during the reign of the Emperor Dioclesian, he went to Rome, and entered into the Pretorian Guards, in which he, in a short time, obtained the rank of captain.

Sebastian served with credit 'till the age of twenty-two, when the Emperor, who was an idolater, discovering that he was a christian, condemned him to death, by the arrows of the Pretorian soldiers, and his body to remain at-

tached to the tree of his punishment, exposed as food for the fowls of the air: This dreadful sentence was accordingly executed in the environs of Rome, in a place called *the field of blood*.

But what can injustice and cruelty do against a man's life, when God is pleased to defend it? That power which gives life, may also protect it from the destructive rage of tyranny.

A charitable woman named Irene, who resided in the Emperor's palace, on account of a situation which she held there, and who had secretly embraced the same faith as Sebastian, determined on frustrating, in some measure, the cruel orders of her master, and to bury the mangled corpse; she accordingly, towards night, repaired to *the field of blood*, and to her surprise, found that life had not quitted the body; immediately Sebastian was untied and conveyed to her own apartments, where his wounds were dressed, and through the care of Irene, he was in a short time, perfectly restored.

The young hero of Christianism, did not however long enjoy the fruits of his friend's solicitude and courage. He was soon after discovered, retaken, and again condemned to a different suffering, that of being stoned to death, and the Almighty, in order to reward Sebastian with a life of bliss, for his trials in this, permitted then, that the sentence should effectually be carried into execution.

The picture presents a composition of five figures; on the fore-ground, St. Sebastian, a figure as large as life, bound to a tree, and pierced with an arrow; while the four Pretorian soldiers, who have obeyed the Emperor's command, are seen in the back-ground.

As the celebrated encourager of the fine arts, Cardinal Barbarini, was well acquainted with Guido's extraordinary powers for the pathetic, he made him paint this for his own palace, out of which it was removed a few years ago, on the French approaching Rome.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 4.

The Virgin Mary.

A full size head, surrounded by celestial rays, possessing great beauty, as well as a sweet simplicity, and executed with great delicacy of pencil. *Guido*

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 5.

Europa.

Europa, daughter of king Agenor, was of such beauty, that Jupiter fell in love with her, and transformed himself into a bull, to have the opportunity of seeing her in the meads, and in that form, was admitted amongst Agenor's cows.

At first, the princess was pleased with the bull's gentle deameanour, which made her caress him, and finding he was very tame, she soon ventured to mount his back, upon which Jupiter gradually approached the shore, rushed at once, into the sea, and carried Europa to Crete, where he resumed his own person.

Guido. It is well known that Guido has repeated two or three times, this favourite subject, and it is equally well known that some copies have been made of it; which rendered us extremely cautious in the purchase of this picture; but after the strictest inspection, and having consulted two able friends, we were induced not to miss it, from the certainty of it's being an original which could never be doubted, since it has all those requisites essential to characterize and distinguish the original from the copy.

An able artist may make a copy which will approach to originality, but it will never have that freedom and

spirit which are in this, and which constitute a good picture, because in copying, he is restrained, and cannot proceed and colour with as much fire, as if he were painting a picture of his own.

What are besides the characteristics of an original figure? the outline no doubt, the extremities, hands and feet, which it is so difficult for an artist to paint, and which none but the greatest painters have been able to execute well; let any judge examine the hands of Europa, and say whether they are not painted by that of Guido? *Guido.*

If a copy can be mistaken for an original, it is that of "*the good Shepherd,*" after Murillo, which is in the Duke of Bridgewater's collection, in other respects so deservedly famed for the different *chef d'œuvres* it contains; the picture is well drawn, and well coloured, but wants spirit and animation, which made us say it was not an original, though some artists thought it

was so, on account of the different good parts it possesses. A good painter must be a good judge of pictures, and may frequently point out, better than those we call connoisseurs, their qualities and imperfections, without being able however to ascertain their authors, which is truly the business of a connoisseur; as in fact to learn painting, and to learn the different manner and stiles of painters, are two distinct pursuits.

Guido.

An eminent writing master will judge better than a banker's clerk, of a piece of penmanship, though he may not even be acquainted with Abraham Newland's hand writing, because to write well, and not to know the different hands, has been his chief study; but the youngest clerk of a banker, who can scarce write his own name, is not only well acquainted with the hand of Mr. Newland, but is also familiar with the hand of hundreds and hundreds besides.

ON CANVAS.

FRANCESCO ALBANO, born at Bologna, 1578.

No. 6.

A Reposo.

This artist had married one of the handsomest women in Italy, who used to serve him as a model; and they were both so charitable, that it was their maxim to entertain six pilgrims every Sunday.

The composition of this picture, offers fourteen figures. In the centre of a superb landscape, the Holy Family are taking a short repose: the Virgin dressed in red, with a blue veil thrown back, is seated, and suckling the holy infant whom she holds on her knees, and supports with her left arm; St. Joseph is also sitting near them, with a book in his hand, and is in the act of contemplating the mother and child.

A little above the Holy Family, a choir of cherubs hover in the air, and

around the spreading branches of two large trees, which are behind the virgin, the artist has placed two angels, who are adoring the infant Jesus; another is on the left of the picture, and higher, a choir of celestial children hovering on a cloud which has embraced the branches of some trees, are performing a concert.

The figures are remarkably well drawn, and full of expression, and the whole is painted with uncommon firmness of pencil.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 7.

Venus and Adonis in a Landscape.

This small picture, which is octagon, presents us Venus and Adonis under a group of trees; it is the first time that the goddess, taken with the charms of the young shepherd, comes to him, *Albano.*

and he answers her caresses, but with the timidity of his age; he sits holding Venus in one of his arms, and his crook in the other; the car of the goddess is on the left, where the loves are flying, and playing with the doves, whilst she is with Adonis.

We have been assured that this picture comes from the collection of Cardinal Ottobonni.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 8.

Jupiter and Antiope.

It is the first time we have seen this subject treated with a tolerable degree of decency, for painters, after the poet's example, have generally represented it, with a licence far exceeding the bounds which poets and painters should ever prescribe to themselves. *Albano.*

It is strange that man should so wilfully pervert and turn to his own ruin, such endowments as the fine arts, which were bestowed on him as a source of amusement and consolation, under the worst ills of life; but the abuse of blessings, is the frailty of mankind, and the means of happiness often prove the bane of society; indeed it is to that abuse of the fine arts, as well as of sciences, we must attribute all those horrors which were committed in France, till Buonaparte wisely and humanely put a stop to them.

Voltaire, under its ancient government, by his philosophic verses, and Rousseau, by animated and inflammatory prose, laid the foundation of the revolution. Every individual believing himself enlightened by those writers, soon considered himself as a superior genius, and in a community where all conceive themselves gifted with an equal share of understanding, insubordination is the inevitable consequence. The mass of the people being inform-

ed, that the fine arts were the pursuit of men of genius, believed them particularly suited to themselves; and from that period, France was inundated with lascivious ballads, as well as with lascivious pictures and prints; the lazy lacquey in the hall, and the soldier in his barrack, passed their time in reading Voltaire, and poring over the obscene works of Piron and Grécourt.

As the understanding of the people, grew more refined, their devotion to liberty, increased in proportion; and they were not long, without the conviction, that submission and religion were perfectly incompatible with genius. As soon as religion is thought chimerical, legal authority becomes tyrannical, for throughout the world, religion and government reciprocally support each other, and cannot exist separately; in France they were soon, trodden under foot, and the general avidy for impious books, and the indecent productions of

the pencil and the graver, foretold the dissolution of its government.

A derangement of it's finances, was the consequence of the corruption of it's manners, and as manners and money are the only safeguards of a sovereign and his country, they were both lost, as soon as manners and money were gone.

The fine arts also became the chief instruments in the hands of the skilful conductors of the revolution, for inflaming the minds of the people. The pencil was busily and effectually employed in representing subjects the most humiliating and offensive to government; and music, the most dangerous of the fine arts, when ill applied, resounded with airs of sedition and rebellion.

Such is indeed the power of music, that Elric the Second, King of Denmark, having at one of his feasts, ordered a musician to play a warlike air, was so well obeyed, that himself and the guests, inflamed with fury, flew to

arms, and four of them, fell victims to the impassioned transports of the monarch.

We could quote other instances of dangerous music, and what horrors did it not then excite in France? murder became habitual to that ill-fated people, and the groans on the glutted guillotine were drowned by the tunes of *Ca ira*, and the *Marsellois Hymn*,—but at that period, and ever since, those of *God save the King, and Rule Britannia*, have been daily encored in England, with fervency and enthusiastic love for it's sovereign and constitution.

Let us return from this digression, into which we have been led by the abuse of the fine arts, to the description of this picture of Albano.

The beautcous Antiope, daughter of Nycteus, was married to Lycus, King of Thebes, and they were mutually attached to each other, when Jupiter became passionately in love with her, and transformed himself into a Satyr to seduce her.

The picture represents Antiope in a landscape, extended and sleeping on a blue drapery, guarded by the gods of love and hymen, the latter falls asleep on Antiope, but cupid, cautious and vigilant, is watching and repulses Jupiter who is advancing under the form of a Satyr, to surprise Antiope.

This capital picture is of the best time of Albano, and possesses every beauty so prevalent and admired in his works; the figures are full size, and the colouring of the highest brilliancy. It is said that Antiope is the portrait of his wife, and the cupids those of his children.

ON CANVAS.

ANDREA DEL SARTO, born at Florence, 1488.

No. 9.

The Virgin, Child, and St. John.

The Virgin is sitting in a landscape, holding the infant Jesus on her lap;

she is dressed in a scarlet robe, and blue drapery, which descends to her feet; under the ray of glory, over her head, a light grey veil is thrown back, falling down to her waist. *A. del Sarto.*

The Infant is seen in full face, the lower part of his body circled by a bandage of white linen; he is crowned with glory, and smiles benignantly on the little St. John, who is standing beside him, leaning on a cross, with a skin covered with grey stuff, thrown across his right shoulder.

The name of Andrea del Sarto, is not only stamped with the highest reputation, but the present work is particularly celebrated; it was formerly in the Colonna palace, at Rome, where it has commanded, during near two centuries, the admiration of artists and connoisseurs. Lewis the Fifteenth did not imitate the conduct of his predecessor, in eager purchases of works of art, and was not himself very partial to painting, therefore seldom bought pictures; his Majesty was however ad-

vised to obtain this, as the most perfect companion to one by Raphael, which was at Versailles, and Count de St. Florentin, then secretary of state, for the foreign department, commissioned the French ambassador at Rome to purchase it; but his endeavours proved abortive; no price, no offer, could then procure the picture, and France was obliged to renounce the possession of it.

We have frequently heard Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other artists of eminence, both in painting and engraving, as well as the amateurs and connoisseurs, who had seen this work at Rome, speak of it, and they were unanimous in their praises.

ON PANNEL.

SALVATOR ROSA, born at Naples, 1615.

No. 10.

A Landscape with Figures.

Some will have it that this painter (who in satire was also a great poet)

having lost his father, while still in the cradle, was seduced into the society of robbers, in his early youth, and continued to associate with them, 'till he was about eighteen, when struck by the danger of his situation, he went to one of his relations at Naples, who gave him the rudiments of the art; his first essays were to design and paint the companions of his first profession, banditti, and he continued to insert them frequently in his landscapes.

The right of this picture, presents in the fore-ground, a piece of water, on the side of which, are two cows, one standing, the other lying down, and a herdsman seated near: on the opposite side we discover a few houses and manufactories, at the foot of a mountain.

On the left, near a high road, which two monks have just crossed, are some lofty trees of a beautiful form, detaching themselves from a brilliant and happily clouded sky.

On the second ground, we distinguish a temple and mountains in the distance.

The whole of the picture, not only for composition, but for its execution, and chasteness of colouring, surpasses any eulogium we could bestow on it.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 11.

St. Paul.

S. Rosa.

Whoever is acquainted with the full size figures of this master, will not hesitate a moment, on the authenticity of the present work, not only on account of its execution, but from the imposing character which this great artist always gave to the heroes of his performances.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 12.

A Landscape with Dice Players.

In a retired spot, on the fore-ground, a stone covered with a piece of drapery, serves two men, seated opposite to each other, as a dice board.

Between them, towards the right, a soldier in a helmet and armour, is stooping to observe the game, in which he appears to have some interest; an officer, likewise covered with a helmet and breast-plate, is another spectator of the play, but it is easily observable that he has no interest whatever in it; he has stopt to pass a leisure moment, and through mere curiosity. *S. Rosa.*

One of the players, who has already thrown his dice, is leaning forward over the stone, on which he fixes an ardent impatient look, while his adversary, half seated and half risen, is on the point of making his throw, which he is

restrained from doing, by successive hopes and fears that are visibly traced in his countenance.

The connoisseurs will allow that this is one of Salvator Rosa's best cabinet pictures.

ON CANVAS.

CARLO DOLCE, born at Florence, 1616.

No. 13.

Saint Veronica.

Little is known of this Saint's life; we learn only that she held the rank of princess, having descended, as well as the Virgin Mary, from the family of Levi, and the house of David; she was however, among those Jews who persecuted our Saviour, 'till curiosity induced her to see him bearing his cross to Mount Calvary; and the sight wrought on her so as to convert her; she prostrated herself publicly before him, and gave him the veil which he wore, to wipe from his face, the water and blood it

was covered with, and it is said that his sacred features remained imprinted on it.

There is now in Spain, a family of the name of Levi, who pretend to be descendants of that mentioned in the bible, and consequently related to the Virgin Mary and Veronica; a genealogy so far traced, could not fail procuring them in Spain, the titles of dukes and marquisses. *C. Dolce.*

One of them, originally of Flanders, when that country was under the dominion of Spain, determined to gratify himself with other honours, for want of a title, and to shew his cotemporaries and posterity, the source from which he had the honour to spring; he commissioned Alber Durer, or one of his close imitators, to paint two pictures, in one of which St. Veronica is represented receiving Mrs. Levi and her two daughters, who are introduced by an angel, whilst two other smaller angels are bringing them chairs, and on a label attached to the mouth of St.

Veronica, is written, "*pray be seated cousins!*"—in fact there should not be much etiquette amongst relations.

The other picture represents the Holy Family at table, and Mr. Levi entering with his four sons, respectfully approaching with his hat in his hand, whilst an angel is busied in fetching plates for the visitors; St. Joseph turns his head towards them, as he is on the point of taking a mouthful, and the Virgin is sitting beside him, the infant Jesus on her knee, and a knife in her right hand, her eyes are fixed on Mr. Levi, and from her mouth is written, "*be covered cousin!*"

C. Dolce.

These pictures were but a few years ago, in a church in Flanders, as folding doors to a crucifixion.

In the one immediately under our consideration, Carlo Dolce has represented St. Veronica in a half length, full size, finely detached from a golden back ground; her hair is drawn under a net, from which it gracefully falls, and she is in a red robe, over which flows a blue drapery.

Her right hand is extended across her breast, the other is elevated; and her eyes are lowered, as if contemplating the face of our Saviour.—Candour, goodness, dignity, and modesty, prevail over every feature of her's, and heighten her beauty.

This picture, for it's high finishing, colouring, and expression, will always be deemed one of the finest of the master. It comes from the cabinet of Prince Rupert.

ON CANVAS.

GIOVANO FRANCESCO GUERCINO,

Born at Cento, near Bologna, 1590.

No. 14.

Two Cupids in a Landscape.

It is only under that nick-name the author of this work is known, for his real name was Barbieri, and he was called Guercino da Cento, from an accident which happened to him, some

weeks after he was born; his eyes were then perfectly good, but he was put out to nurse, when, one day, being asleep in his cradle, a sudden noise, which by chance happened, awakened the child in so great a fright, that he became squint-eyed, and remained so all his life.

The picture represents a landscape, with two cupids who are bending and trying their bows, to be certain of their execution. The eldest is standing, and bends his bow with his hands; but the youngest has one knee on the ground, and bends his bow on the other.

It is a work which, for force of colouring, is equal to Carravagio, and from the expression, drawing, and contour, will always pass for one of the fine productions of Guercino.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 15.

St. John in the Desart.

The young fore-runner of our Saviour, is a half-length, large as life, and receives into the cup he holds, the water which gushes from the rock. *Guercino.*

The design is perfect, and the figure, the most descriptive.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 16.

Narcissus.

Tiresias had foretold that Narcissus should live 'till he saw himself. The fatal moment is arrived, and the unhappy young man, overcome with thirst on returning from the chase, comes to drink at the fatal spring.

It is a figure as large as life, drawn with equal correctness and freedom, and in an attitude the most difficult in the art.

ON CANVAS.

PIETRO BERRETINI DA CORTONA,

Born 1596.

No. 17.

Religion sent to Men.

This artist was only twenty years old, and still a pupil of Andrea Commodi, when he made that excellent copy of the celebrated picture of Julio Romano, in commemoration of the conversion of Constantine, to the Christian faith, which has ever been considered as equal to the original.

The idolatrous Emperor had vowed to embrace christianism, if he gained the victory over Maxentius.—Victory was his, but instead of fulfilling his vow, he contented himself with presenting

his palace of Latran to the Pope; and very shortly after, his persecution of the Christians, was not only as violent as before, but he even made sacrifices of his wife Fausta, and his son Crispus, upon which Pope Sylvester fled from Rome.

Constantine was soon afterwards afflicted with a leprosy, (such as the Almighty had frequently punished guilty Sovereigns with) and he applied for cure to the heathen priests, who directed him to bathe himself daily, in the warm blood of infants, so that the matrons of Rome, were in consequence, thrown into the same consternation as those of Bethleem, had been in, under the reign of Herod.---It is pretended however, that St. Peter and St. Paul, touched with pity, descended from heaven, and visiting the Emperor in the night, promised to cure him, on condition of his becoming a Christian. *Cortona.*

The following day, Pope Sylvester was recalled, and Constantine, dressed in white robes, entered the baptismal

fount, which is said to have been enlightened from heaven, with divine rays, and that in the midst of them, the Emperor saw our Saviour extending his arms towards him, and at the instant of his receiving baptism from the Pope, he was cured of his leprosy.

Julio Romano has treated this superb subject, in a manner worthy of his superior genius, and the copy which Cortona made of it, laid the foundation of his great fame.

In the picture before us, the sky is open, and presents a choir of angels and cherubs, in the midst of whom, Religion, in the form of a virgin, is just descended on the earth, at the very moment when two young women were going to be sacrificed to idols.

On the right of the picture the incense is already burning at the entrance of their temple, when all at once, thunder from heaven, falls on the idols and the sacrificator himself. On the left, another priest, whose forehead is bound with leaves, is seen advancing with the

victims led by soldiers: but at the report of thunder, and the sight of the idols overturned, some fall postrate, others frightened and surprized disperse, whilst Religion, with her eyes fixed on heaven, is offering up thanks.

This performance is of a clear and brilliant tone of colouring, and of the best time of the master.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 18.

A Battle.

The artist has taken his design in the midst of an action, and painted it with that fire and spirit which are so necessary to the subject. We seem to see the rapid motion of the men and horses, their ferocity and evolutions, with that truth of expression, which is not to be found but in the works of great masters. The whole is executed with boldness, and most vigorously coloured. *Cortona.*

ON CANVAS.

CIRO FERRI, born at Rome, 1634.

No. 19.

The Finding of Moses.

This Artist distinguished himself in historical as well as portrait painting, and executed with the greatest success, that of Raffaello, the most celebrated singer of his age, who himself directed the composition of the picture, in which he is singing, with a music-book in his hands.

A choir of angels are making a concert above his head, where St. Cecilia appears in the midst of them, as if angry, and with contracted brows; a label is coming out of her mouth, and on it are written two lines, which we cannot give a better translation of, than the following:

Silence you noisy, young Castrato,
And let me hear great Raffaello!

This superb performance was sold us, as being the work of Cortona, whose

pupil this master was; but the proprietor was not probably, so well acquainted as we are, with the excellencies of Ciro Ferri, whose pictures have always held the highest rank. He has given us, in this, a composition of eighteen figures, most correctly drawn, firmly executed, and with the truest expression.

Pharaoh's daughter, accompanied by an old governante, and the principal officers of her household, and attended by her women, guards, and slaves, appears on the border of the Nile, from whence has just been drawn Moses, whose mother is suckling him, on her knees before the princess, whilst her sister, who is likewise kneeling, is holding the basket from which they have taken him; a girl is pressing forward from behind her, to see the infant.

The princess is dressed in white, with a blue drapery, her hair turned up under a net-work, fastened by a clasp of gold, enriched with strings of pearls,

which falls over her forehead; a light violet coloured gauze, running under her chin, attaches on the crown which she wears.

Around her are her women, one supporting her train, and another carrying a favourite spaniel; on her right is her principal officer, attended by a slave, who is holding a brace of greyhounds, and by two boys who are carrying long fans made with white feathers, in the Egyptian manner. *Ciro Ferri*

The guards are on the left, at a short distance from the princess, one of whom is holding a beautiful white horse, by the bridle, and on the opposite side of the Nile, are several other figures, columns, monuments, and different buildings scattered over the landscape.

ON CANVAS.

GIOVANI FRANCESCO ROMANELLI,
Born at Viterbo, 1617.

No. 20.

Theseus defending the Women against the Centaurs.

Plutarch asserts that Periander of Corinth saw a Centaur; and St. Jerome, in his life of Paul the hermit, assures us that a Centaur was also seen by St. Anthony; Pliny however goes farther, for he says that he himself saw one which had been brought into Rome from Egypt. Plutarch and St. Jerome, from their well-meaning credulity, have only reported what they had heard, but as to Pliny!---he has now taught us how to appreciate his authority.

It is well known that in countries, where riding was not in practice, those who first appeared on horseback, were supposed by the simple inhabitants, to be of a different species, and thought to

be half men and half beasts. Hence the origin of Centaurs. A Hottentot in the midst of a review of cavalry, in Hyde Park, would think himself surrounded by Centaurs; and so the Indians thought, not more than three centuries ago, when the Spaniards, after the discovery of America, sent troops to invade them; for the Incas and their people believed that the horse and man were but one creature.

No doubt is now entertained respecting the existence of the Centaurs, and they are universally acknowledged as fabulous monsters—the subject of this picture, is *their Battle with the Lapithæ*, in consequence of the brutalities which the Centaurs, when intoxicated, had offered to the women, at the nuptials of Pirithous with Hippodamia, to which they had been invited.

In the fore-ground, a Centaur lies extended at the feet of Theseus, who is on the point of piercing with his lance, another attempting to carry off one of the women. A third Centaur is be-

hind him bearing in his arms, a Lapithæ woman who has fainted, while two others are in a supplicating posture, in the fore part of the picture.

The secondary objects form a continuation of the sanguinary conflict between the Lapithæ and the Centaurs; the old King Ixion, the father of Pirithous, is seen protecting the newly betrothed Hippodamia, whilst Pirithous himself is seen performing feats of valour, and dealing destruction on the monsters with whom he is surrounded.

Such is, in every respect, the merit of this work, that it may rank with the best productions of Cortona.

ON CANVAS.

BENEDITTO CASTIGLIONE, born at Genoa, 1616.

No. 21.

A Landscape, Cattle, and Figures.

This artist did not only distinguish himself as an excellent painter, but also

as an excellent writer, and was still very young, when he published a most violent pamplet against Perrier, in defence of Dominichino.

Perrier was a French artist, who used both to paint and engrave, and had set his heart on visiting Italy, but was so poor that he could not defray the expences of the journey, 'till at last he met at Lyons, with a blind man who was going to Rome, and offered to be his guide, by which industry he supported himself all the way, on the alms that were given to his master.

Soon after his arrival in Italy, Perrier became acquainted with Lanfranc, who gave him some instructions, for which the French artist paid very dear, since it was at the expence of his own reputation. Dominichino at that time, had just finished his famous picture called "*The Communion of St. Jerome*," and it is well known that Agostino Carracci had painted before, the same subject at Bologna.---At the request of Lanfranc, who wished to run down

Dominichino's merit, Perrier made an etching in which he introduced the best part of his picture, and had the baseness to publish it as being taken from that of Agostino, and it was on that occasion Castiglione wrote against the French artist.

The fore-ground of this landscape is occupied by a small group of goats, and a white horse loaded with garments and kitchen utensils; following him are a young woman and the driver, dressed in the loose manner of the Italians, clad only in a slight blue drapery, whilst his sun-burnt appearance displays the excessive heat of the climate.

The cabinet pictures of this master, are extremely scarce: this is clear, spirited, wellc oloured, and masterly executed.

ON CANVAS,

LUCA GIORDANO, born at Naples, 1629.

No. 22.

The King of Spain on Horseback.

This prince was so highly pleased by seeing Luca Giordano paint, that every hour of relaxation from the care of the throne, was past in the painting room of this artist, and notwithstanding the popular prejudice that a King can never hope to find a true friend, he found one in a rank so infinitely inferior to his own, for Luca sincerely and disinterestedly attached to the monarch, made no vain parade of the confidence with which the Sovereign honoured him, and was equally cautious in never asking favours, either for himself or others, and it was with difficulty the King could prevail on him to accept the honour of knighthood, which his merit so highly entitled him to.

During his residence at the court of Spain, he lived in the greatest intimacy

with the King, without ever forgetting the respect due to him, or ever interfering with state affairs, but merely studying to make the fine arts, the chief amusement of a prince whose good graces he preserved, because he was careful never to abuse them.

This portrait is that of the Sovereign, Luca's protector and friend, in armour, a sash round his body, and his batoon in his hand, and mounted on a war horse, while a young page, on the right, is advancing towards him with his helmet. *L. Giordano*

Faith, under the form of a woman, with a chalice in her hand, hovers over him, and an angel bearing a cross, descends from heaven, to follow him in his wars, with those infidels, the Moors who are represented trodden under his horse's feet.

It was at that unfortunate period, when enthusiastic bigotry was eager to introduce it's belief among peaceful and happy nations, with fire and sword, committing murder to enforce their

creed.—The times are altered, but men are not so, since they continue the same eagerness for human butchery, under some other pretence.

ON CANVAS.

FRANCESCO MOLA, born at Lugano, 1609.

No. 23.

A Landscape with Figures.

Gainsborough was never in Italy, and to atone in some measure, for the injury which that negligence might prove to him, he was in the habit of borrowing, and sometimes purchasing works of that school, as objects of study; one day finding him attentively examining the fine picture of Mola that represents *Jupiter and Leda*, from which it was with difficulty, he could be parted, we inquired what it was that so particularly caught his attention, "*It is this manner of painting*," replied the modest artist, "*which I shall never attain, for Mola appears to have made it his own by patent.*"

The more we shall advance in taste and knowledge, the more will the works of *Mola* be esteemed; he has sometimes equalled the greatest masters, in history, but none of them has surpassed him in landscape. It was to that branch of painting his natural inclination led him, and his studies to to attain it, were attended with the utmost success.

In the picture now before us, we have one of those grand and solemn scenes of nature, such as we find in the works of Titian, Rubens, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa.---The trees are designed in the best style, and the distance agreeably deludes and delights the eye. *Mola.*

On the fore-ground which is rich and well broken, two men, who from their dress, appear to be banditti, are lying down, whilst a young woman on an elevated bank, which is just by, is conversing with them.

ON CANVAS.

BENEDETTO LUTTI, born at Florence, 1666.

No. 24.

Adonis dressing a wound in the foot of Venus.

In the last illness of this artist, a friend wishing to keep up his hopes and spirits, told him his age was in his favour being then in the vigour of life, about forty or forty-five, "*you must double it,*" replied Lutti, "*and reckon the nights, for I have lived both night and day.*"

The performance presents three figures, as large as life.

One day being at the chase, the goddess ran a thorn into her foot, and the blood which flowed from it, changed into flowers which Cupid took care to gather.

She is sitting under a tree, with her legs crossed, and holding her lance; a light blue drapery is thrown negligently

over her shoulders, and fastened by a chain of gold, enriched with precious stones, resembling the bracelets which she wears. She inclines herself towards Adonis, who upon one knee before her, has just taken off one of her sandals, to pick out the thorn, and dress the wound.

Cupid, pensive and inquiet, is flying behind Venus, seeming to wait with impatience, the result of the cares of Adonis; two dogs returned from the chase, are seen on the fore-ground; the landscape is of the finest taste, and the whole together form a work truly worthy of the eminent master who has painted it.

ON CANVAS.

FILIPPO LAURA, born at Rome, 1623.

No. 25.

A Sea Piece with Rocks and Figures.

The right of this picture is occupied by a mass of rocks, on whose summit,

some straggling picturesque trees are beautifully detached from a silvery sky; —amongst those rocks the Magdalen has secluded herself in penitence, and is praying before a cross, which is placed with a book, on a fragment of rock, before which she is kneeling, her hair loose and flowing, and her arms and feet bare; Filippo Laura, whose excellence in small figures, is so well established, has given us in this *chef d'œuvre* of art, a true pattern of piety and repentance.

Over the Magdalen, two angels are hovering on a cloud, shaded in tints of grey and silver; the sea, and another mass of rocks, are on the left of the picture, and in the distance some small barks under sail.

ON CANVAS.

ANDREA SACCHI, born at Rome, 1594.

No. 26.

Two Pictures with Monks at Devotion.

Whatever may the branch of painting an artist adopts, there are always in that very branch, some particular parts in which he excels, and by which therefore, he obtains an acknowledged superiority over his cotemporaries. Raphael and Guido excelled in their Madonas, Salvator Rosa in witches and fabulous monsters, Bourguignione and Wouvermans in horses, and Andrea Sacchi eminently so in painting friars, not those fat and opulent monks whom we see wallowing in unrestrained luxury, but those primitive monks who through inclination, devoted themselves to God, and passed their lives in mortification and penance.

So high was the reputation of Andrea, for those subjects, that the Bene-

dictines of a rich friary applied to him to paint the life of their founder St. Benedict, in twelve pictures, for their church, requiring their own portraits to be painted in those figures, which would necessarily be introduced into the work.

Sacchi composed the pictures, and when they were far advanced, the monks began to sit for their portraits, and it was then, that after having bestowed so much time and labour on so great a work, the artist was almost driven to despair, when he saw that most of their figures, being destitute of character and dignity, would be the ruin of the whole.

The monks were as little satisfied with the painter as he was with them, for they had all pretended to the honour of representing St. Benedict. One found himself too corpulent, another too old, none liked the place assigned to him in the pictures, and neither of them thought his likeness true.

At length harassed and fatigued, Andrea desired them to withdraw, ef-

faced their portraits, substituted historical heads, and finished the work to his own satisfaction, but the Benedictines declined having it, so that Andrea was obliged to adopt legal measures to compel them to fulfil their contract, and as his pictures were proved to be the better, and highly more valuable without the portraits, he was fortunate, or rather unfortunate enough to gain his cause, for, immediately after paying for the pictures, the monks tore them into pieces; the sketches however have remained, and are dispersed in different cabinets.

The two performances of his pencil which are in this collection, represent friars of the Bernadine and Benedictine orders, praying and meditating in a rugged retreat; among the rocks.

The Bernadines are dressed in white, their heads and feet bare;—a crucifix is erected on a rock which serves as an altar in the solitude; and a monk is kneeling before it, one of his hands stretched over the altar, and the other

on his breast;—behind him, to the right of the picture, another monk is kneeling with his arms extended, and his eyes fixed with fervent devotion, on the crucifix;—a third is on the left of the picture, half reclining over a stone, his arms crossed, his cowl thrown over his head, and praying at a corner of the altar.

A. Sacchi. A group of Benedictines, are in the centre of the other picture, one of whom seated on the fragment of a rock, is reading a book to those who surround him;—an old friar with a cross in his arms, is leaning on the same stone; whilst towards the left of the picture, a young monk is sitting on the ground, his hands joined, his scourge tied round his body, and while his whole attention is taken up with the reading, his eyes are rivetted on a crucifix which is fixed to the trunk of a tree, on the opposite side.

ON CANVAS.

CARLO CIGNANI, born at Bologna, 1628.

No. 27.

Bathsheba at the Bath.

This painter, from his early infancy, was subject to a singular misfortune; he was frequently seized with a kind of tumult in his ears, during which he heard a dreadful noise of cries, and the sound of drums; his eyes swelled, his sight darkened, and his speech failed him, but he underwent no bodily pain, and always recovered and instantly resumed his usual state, on having his feet put into warm water.

With this infirmity, which could never be accounted for, Carlo lived to the advanced age of ninety-one, often however, obliged to paint with his feet in water.

We have seen in a Flemish picture, this subject treated by a painter, who having interpreted the word *Bath* in a

literal sense, hath plunged Bathsheba in water, up to the neck, in the large pond of a garden, where she is making her utmost efforts to regain the edge, whilst her affrighted women express their fears and agitations, by their gesticulations and cries;—we know the bath of a woman consits of only a sufficient quantity of water for washing the person; the ancients were accustomed to mix perfumes with it.

This, in a composition of nine figures, represents a rich pavillion, at the bottom of a garden, where Bathsheba is seated on an antique bench covered with a scarlet drapery; at her feet is a large gold bason filled with water, and by it a silver vase in which were the perfumes.

Some of her women, are occupied in undressing her, others are playing on different instruments, and amusing her with dancing:—on the right of the picture, two women are near a balustrade, and on the other side, are some fine antique vases; King David is also

seen on a platform of his palace, contiguous to the garden.

Not only the picture is of the most judicious composition, in the distribution of the figures, but they are also most correctly designed, and the whole is painted with as much force as delicacy.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 28.

Venus bringing the Armour to Encas.

The task of collecting pictures, is a much more difficult one than many imagine; not only we must have studied much, and learnt by a long experience, the different stiles, touches, and the different manners of masters, that we may not be deceived by copies, but we must also know how to distinguish between the works of their youth and old age, and those of their best C. Cignani.

time; and after all, that study and knowledge proves of no service, if we are not able to discern between a virgin and pure picture, and one that has been damaged and re-painted, for they cease to be of the masters, whose names they bear, in proportion to the more or less they have been damaged and re-painted.

We pretend not that it is possible to find many pictures, to which has not happened some slight accident; the lapse of time and the natural decay of all things, are sufficient to have caused some damage, and there are very few undoubtedly exempt from such.

But we speak of those accidents which may have happened to pictures by cleaning, or other causes, and that have been re-painted on the parts damaged, in order to render them supportable, for as the new paint will not unite with the old, they cannot therefore remain above a day or two in harmony with the rest, since the new colours will change in proportion as their oil will dry, and will

soon become as many spots upon the picture: it is then, of the greatest consequence not only to be assured of the originality of a performance, but also to examine it's condition.

Notwithstanding the most scrupulous care upon this article, we have been sometimes deceived, and in looking minutely at this picture, to make the description of it, we find that it is again the case with this, which was newly varnished when we bought it, and unfortunately it has been re-painted to conceal some damage, so that the new paint must not be removed.

This was purchased at an auction, hung very high and covered with new varnish;—indeed our architects have committed a great fault in building the picture rooms so high, instead of which they should be rather low, that the spectators may see the pictures close; and wide, that they may recede from them at pleasure, to enjoy their effect.

When we reflect that a prudent collector and a connoisseur, not only exa-

mine a performance very close, but even make use of a glass, to ascertain it's condition, we cannot help thinking it laughable to see an auctioneer's porter, mounted on a ladder, from which, with a long pole, he points to a picture selling off as to a sign-post, half a mile distant from the eye.

C. Cignani.

This represents Venus descended from the sky on a cloud, in her car drawn by two doves and some little Cupids; near her is her son Eneas, upon whose shoulder she lays one of her hands, whilst with the other, she points to a young love who carries the armour, at the sight of which the hero appears in extacy.

It is a picture of good ordonnance, and whose figures have great expression.

ON CANVAS.

JACOPO AMICONI.

No. 29.

Venus and Cupid.

It represents two figures, half lengths, large as life, *Venus playing with Cupid*; she holds in her right hand, an orange which she playfully keeps from his reach; whilst, with the other she has just taken his arrow; the child who seems to understand his mother's meaning, smiles and reaches out his hand.

These figures are correctly drawn, and have much expression.

ON CANVAS.

CARLO MARATTI, born at Camerins, 1625.

No. 30.

The Virgin teaching the Infant Jesus to read.

The Virgin, dressed in a red robe, lined with blue, is seated near a pillar,

in a retired part of a landscape.—Modesty, wisdom, goodness, as well as all other excellencies are united in her, and command our respect.

The divine infant is on her right hand, leaning on her, while he is reading from a book on her lap; he appears to have left off for a moment, and raises his eyes towards his mother, to whom he is speaking.

This cabinet picture is evidently of Carlo Maratti's best time.

ON CANVAS.

ZUCCARELLI, born 1710.

No. 31.

Two Landscapes, with Figures.

It is seldom that an artist acquires in his youth, such a reputation as Zuccarelli had a just title to in his, as landscape painter.

Unhappily he trusted too much to his great reputation, and would from a

landscape painter, become an historical one, for he did not succeed in that line, and after having lost several years in the painting of history, he returned to that of landscape, with also as little success, because he had lost the practice of it.

These two he painted in his youth, for his friend Mr. Dalton, keeper of his Britannic Majesty's pictures, and if the connoisseurs will examine them close, to see the beauty of the figures, the chasteness of the colouring, the firm execution, and above all, the fire with which they are painted, they must confess that such works will carry the name of Zuccarelli to posterity.

One represents a view in Italy, in the very height of summer. Near the centre is seen a cascade shedding it's water to the right and left; on one side, are some old trees, and two young women, one of whom is standing with a baket in her hand, whilst the other is seated with a child in her arms; on the right

a man crosses the water with a herd of cows; and in the second ground, towards the centre, there is a house, near which some women, who have been washing, are hanging linen on lines to dry; buildings, and some other small figures, are also seen in the second ground.

Zuccarelli. The other picture offers the view of another landscape, but in the depth of winter; the principal part is occupied by a river frozen over, upon which are seen several people, some skaiting, others walking, and a sledge drawn by mules.

Upon a piece of ground, on the right, a tent is raised in form of an inn, with a sign and standard displayed; within, are people round a table, eating and drinking, and a fire, near which two women are standing, is on one side of the tent, and on the other, some old trees covered with snow, and near which a man is leading two oxen yoked.

Again we distinguish on the second ground, to the left, some buildings and trees, and on the right, a village at a remote distance.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 32.

Large Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

This work unites the most interesting scene with one of the finest compositions.

In front of the picture, and towards the right, a young shepherd has seated himself, and plays on the pipe, his dog lying behind him, whilst three girls, who are opposite, seem to listen with equal pleasure and attention; one of them is seated, and leaning on the ground, and the others are standing; the youngest rests herself on the shoulder of her companion, with her eyes fixed on the shepherd, in a kind of extacy; three goats lying down, occupy the centre of the picture. *Zuccarelli.*

In the second ground is a hill crowned with trees, and ornamented with buildings beautifully scattered, and producing the most enchanting effect.

At the foot of the hill is a cascade, and a sheet of water, in which a country man is angling; a woman is standing near him on one side, and on the other a milk woman passes with her cow.

A smiling country, luxuriant trees, and a serene captivating sky, add to the charms of this picture, which presents us with all that nature has most lovely and simple.

ON CANVAS.

Venetian School.

TIEPOLO, born at Venice, 1694.

No. 33.

Sketch of an Altar-Piece.

In the centre of a fine piece of architecture, the virgin descends on a cloud, carrying the infant Jesus; on her right, is the defender of the celestial throne, the angel Michael who fought and vanquished Satan; and on her left, Gabriel the angel of peace; we see also, at her feet, St. Catharine, whose sword and palm of martyrdom, are placed by her side, on the cloud.

This celestial group appears to the Pope St. Gregory, who is on his knees, dressed in his richest pontifical habits; St. Lawrence, whose hands are joined in prayer, and is in the habit of a deacon; and to St. Francis, whom we know by his extreme leanness, his humility, and by the simple and coarse vestment

of his order; he is standing, and has just laid down his crucifix, to do homage to the infant Jesus.

Let the judges of the art stop but two minutes before this picture, and they will agree that Tiepolo holds a rank amongst the first masters.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 34.

Coriolanus in the Camp of the Volscians.

Tiepolo.

It would be ridiculous in us, to give the detail of an history so universally known, we shall therefore confine ourselves to the description of the picture.

It is composed of sixteen figures: on the left is the tent of Coriolanus, in which the young hero appears surrounded by his new friends the Volscians. He is reclining with his left arm, on the shoulder of his lately acquired ally, Tullus, and a negro boy is near, holding his helmet.

His mother, wife, and son, followed by the Roman matrons, approach him from the right of the picture, and are supplicating on their knees, and attended by a standard-bearer, mounted on a beautiful white charger;—the firm ally of the Volscians appears however inflexible.

The figures are correct and spirited, and the most perfect harmony reigns throughout the whole work.

ON CANVAS.

TITIAN, born at Fruili, 1480.

No. 35.

The departure of Adonis for the Chase.

Through what a fatality must the first *chef d'œuvres* of art, those works which have cost so many difficulties, so much study and labour, fall into the hands of men, who like the cock that found a jewel, know little or nothing of their worth! how many superb pieces

of architecture, pulled down by the hand of avarice and folly! and how many capital pictures, which should have carried their authors to immortality, are daily ruined by ignorant dealers, and loggerheaded collectors!

Such must have been the fate of this, which had been daubed in different parts, if a French emigrant, who is extremely fond of painting, had not out of mere love to the art, removed the new paint it was covered with, with a skill and patience which cannot be too much commended.

The whole sky was painted upon, which makes us imagine, since it is now evident that it had not received the least injury, that whoever had done it, thought Titian had not sufficiently finished the sky, when in fact Titian, and other great artists, have always painted the skies of their landscapes, remarkably thin, to render them light and transparent.

We have ordered this picture to be placed very low in the exhibition room,

that every one may inspect it minutely, and witness it's perfect restoration. At the same time, the public will see, by the extraordinary merit of the performance, how justly entitled Titian is to his truly great fame.

Felibien, in his *Entretiens sur les Ouvrages des Peintres*, informs us that Titian has repeated this subject with some alterations; which repetition, after having been long in a palace in Rome, was imported last year, into this country, and is now in a first-rate collection. *Titian.*

On the fore-ground of a large landscape, Adonis in his huntsman's cap and dress, is seen holding three dogs and his lance, and comes at the moment of his departure for the chase, to take leave of Venus who endeavours to retain him, but in vain, as Diana, who appears in the sky, is pouring her influence over Adonis.

Near them, under some trees, the infant Cupid lies asleep.

ON CANVAS.

GIACOMO TINTORETTO, born at Venice, 1512.

No. 36.

The Angel appearing at the Judgment Day.

"In a moment! in the twinkling of an eye! at the last trump! for the trumpet shall sound."

St. Paul to the Corinthians, ch. xiv. v. 52.

The angel at the last day, a figure of natural size, is seen sounding the trumpet, which he holds in his left hand, and raising the right, to command the general resurrection; the lower part of his body, is bound with a light drapery, of a red colour, and which falls on his knees; his wings are extended, and in the immense space of the air, he flies round the world, to announce the orders of the All-powerful.

This figure, which is drawn in that fore-shortening, artists know so well the difficulty of, is correctly drawn, and painted with so much fire and freedom, that it must rank among the *chef d'œuvres* of that truly great master.

ON CANVAS.

GIORGIONE, born at Castel-Franco, 1478.

No. 37.

Strolling Musicians.

This is again one of those pictures where art knows so well how to imitate nature, that we believe we see the reality, and never has Giorgione rivalled Titian with more success than in this work.

We see strolling figures, of half length, large as life; and on the right of the picture, a woman in a red robe, tied with a girdle, one of her arms extended, playing on the tambourine; on the left is a youth of fourteen or fifteen years of age, who attracts also our attention, in playing upon the bagpipes, and we see between them, an officer who has stopt to hear them, resting his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and who seems to take pleasure in hearing their music.

It is impossible for an artist to give more expression to his figures, or to

cover a canvas with more natural and seducing colours.

ON CANVAS.

GIACOMO BASSAN, born at Bafano, 1510.

No. 38.

Joseph of Arimathea laying our Saviour in the Sepulchre.

This is a composition of seven figures. Joseph having obtained from Pilate, permission to inter Christ, hastened to profit by it, and came the same evening, with Nicodemus, for the next day was the sabbath, to render him the last duty.

We see Joseph raising our Lord, with the sheet, whilst Nicodemus hastens to descend the ladder to assist in laying him in the Sepulchre. St. John and the three Marys, who are come to embalm him, assist at the mournful ceremony, and as it was late, a flambeau enlightens this scene of woe, which the painter has treated with great force of colouring.

ON CANVAS.

PAOLO VERONESE, born at Verona, 1530.

No. 39.

Saint Catherine.

St. Catherine is ranked amongst the virgins and martyrs, and was the daughther of a King; but the legend does not mention his name; however it is known that he was a Pagan, and her mother, one of those faithful Christians of the primitive church, who, to avoid persecution, were under the necessity of professing their faith in secret.

She took care to bring up Catherine in the true religion, from her earliest infancy, and the young princess became as famed for her learning as for her morals; but less prudent, or more zealous than her mother, she was not satisfied with a secret practice of her principles, which for fear of her father, had been recommended to her, but both openly avowed it, and sought to dispute with the Pagans in defence of her religion.

Surprised and affronted by her conduct, the King had Catherine brought before him, and commanded her to adore the false gods, and marry a Pagan, which she declined on account of her faith, and because she had made a vow of chastity; which has caused many artists since, to paint her marriage with the infant Jesus.

Having resisted the anger and threatenings of her father, the princess set out for Alexandria, the metropolis of Egypt, where she publicly instructed people in the true religion, and had many public disputes in defence of it, with the ablest philosophers of that city, 'till at last she was delivered up to the executioner, and suffered in the twenty-fourth year of her age.

St. Catherine is represented sitting, dressed in purple, with a crown of gold on her head, and the palm of martyrdom in her hand. A figure full of expression, most correctly drawn, and painted with uncommon spirit.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 40.

The Marriage of St. Catherine.

The Virgin Mary dressed in red and a blue drapery, is immediately in front of the picture, whilst the infant Jesus stands on her knees, supporting himself by his left hand, and holding her veil with his right; he stoops towards St. Catherine who is prostrating herself before him, in the act of adoration. *P. Veronese.*

As a King's daughter she wears a crown of gold, ornamented with precious stones; her drapery is alternately shaded with green and purple, and she wears the nuptial robe, which descends to her feet, and which is of the purest white, the emblem of her virginity, and over it flows her flaxen hair, with a fascination that justifies the expression of connoisseurs, as it really forms a precious compound of gold and silver.

The young virgin holds the martyr's palm in her right hand, her left being extended towards the infant, to whose worship she has dedicated herself, while her eager wishful eyes evince the happiness she enjoys.

P. Veronese A landscape enriched with a brilliant sky, adds to the beauties of this picture, in the centre of which a nuptial crown of thornless roses, is suspended over the head of the self-dedicated virgin.

ON CANVAS.

ALEXANDER VERONESE, born at Verona, 1600.

No. 41.

Judith with the Head of Holofernes.

The figures are as large as life; Judith is clothed in those most luxurious garments with which she had adorned herself, the better to seduce the enemy of the Almighty; her hair braided with rubies and pearls, is buckled with art, and her bosom uncovered.

At this moment, the holy and strong woman is victorious, and gives to her servant the head of Holofernes, which she has just struck off during his sleep; but in the midst of her triumph, she remembers the dangers she has to fear; she still is in the tent of Holofernes, and surrounded by his soldiers; therefore she departs with that precaution and prudence which the greatest heroes know how to connect with courage.

In the mean time the servant of Judith, receives into the sack, the head of the tyrant, and casts upon her mistress, a look of fear and admiration.

The connoisseurs will find that the execution of this work, corresponds with the beauty of the composition.

ON CANVAS.

PARIS BORDONE, born at Trevigi, 1513.

No. 42.

Venus and Adonis.

We have but few works of this master, in England, for they were mostly kept in Italy 'till the invasion of it by the French; he is the author of the celebrated picture known by the title of "*L'aventurè de Venice,*" the following singular historical trait gave rise to the jubject.

In the night of the twenty-fifth of February, 1339, the sea rose in such a manner, as to threaten Venice with destruction. An old fisherman, quite disheartened by the danger, was quitting his boat, when three strangers came and bade him take them to *St. Nicholas del Lido*, which the old man, on account of the tempestuous weather, and dreading to be overset, refused; they however pushed off, and compel-

led him to take the oars; his exertions overcame the violence of the storm, and they reached the port in safety.

Arrived at the mouth of the harbour, they shewed him a large vessel, which they informed him, was filled with devils who had agitated the sea during the night; soon after having passed it, the vessel was no longer visible, and they assured him it was sunk by virtue of some mystic words they had pronounced.

The turbulence of the sea abated, and one of the strangers landed near the church of St. Nicholas, another near St. George's church, and the third at St. Mark's place, where the poor fisherman, notwithstanding the fright he had been in, demanded his fare.

Assemble the Doge and senators, said the stranger to him, inform them that through thy means, the city of Venice has been delivered from the ruin which threatened it this night, and demand thy reward from them; but, replied

the old man, they will look upon me as an imposter! upon which the other taking a ring from his finger, gave it him, adding, shew them this ring as a pledge of thy veracity, and know that my companion who first quitted thee, is St. Nicholas, who is honoured by you mariners; the other St. George, and I am Mark, the Evangelist, the protector of this republic, and so saying he disappeared.

P. Bordone. In the morning the fisherman, who was universally known in Venice, and much esteemed for his probity, demanded audience of the council, was admitted, and related what had happened, confirming what he was advancing, by the production of the ring which he had received, and after mature consideration, a considerable pension was assigned to him; then the council went in procession, and deposited the ring among the relics, in the church of St. Mark, where it is seen to this day.

Some may imagine, that the after-supper frolic of three midnight rakes,

who, careless of the danger, amused themselves during the storm, may have given birth to the "*Aventure de Venice*;" and we will not pretend to decide between those incredulous and the faith of the Doge of Venice, of 1339, who besides, was aided by all the senators; and it is well known, that in every country, a senator is always, if not a first-rate genius, at least a very, very sensible man.

P. Bordone.

The fine Picture of Paris Bordone, in this collection, represents the death of Adonis, and Venus weeping over him. He lies extended on some fragments of ruins, covered with a blue drapery, while Venus, who is in yellow, beside him, raises her eyes to heaven, lamenting his loss.

ON CANVAS.

Spanish School.

DON DIEGO VELASQUEZ,

Born at Seville, 1594.

No. 43.

A Mastiff chained.

How is it that the faculties of the mind, attain superior excellence, without the heart improving in like proportion? We, on the contrary, see this frequently corrupt and degenerate, whilst the other soars to perfection; and the annals of the fine arts, too often present us with impressive examples of this fatal truth.

In the army, navy, and many other professions, emulation is excited by a laudable ambition, and it may be now and then, the case in the career of arts; for some painters have been, and some are, at this day, actuated by the same principle; yet one must in justice say, that by a singular fatality, instead of

that noble emulation, the painter is often susceptible of a govelling envy and a degrading jealousy, which (strange at it may appear) not only augment as he acquires perfection in the art, but also arm his cruel tongue against the meritorious works of his brother artists, as they did the cruel hand of Cain, against his brother Abel.

Woe be to the youth, who with every generous sentiment and aspiring abilities, enters on this thorny path! for the rising merit of a painter, is as insufferable to the eyes of another, as the sunbeams are to the eyes of the owl; and instead of offering him help and encouragement, the very veterans of the profession will, on his first appearance, pursue and brow-beat him as a hornet approaching a hive, to rob the bees of their honey; so that the inexperienced candidate has not only to surmount the accumulated difficulties of the art, but also a host of artists, and unprovoked enemies; and with them, injustice and jealousy, whose serpents and vipers are already pouring their poisons on his early works. *Valasquez.*

Will it be credited, that even so great a master as Velasquez, could be jealous of his own slave, a young mulatto who had the charge of grinding his colours, and preparing his palette? Pareja, (which was his name) having frequent opportunities of seeing him paint, had initiated himself (unknown to his master) into that art to which his natural inclination led him, and he passed the best part of the night, in learning to draw, and in day time, his leisure hours in painting portraits.

Velasquez.

But Pareja, aware of the haughty pride of Velasquez, and sensible that he would take offence at a man in so inferior a station of life, having embraced his profession, was continually in dread of a discovery which however, he was not able to avert.

The more merit Velasquez found in his slave's works, the more his jealousy and anger were inflamed; but fearing, should he discharge him, that the new artist, by having more opportunities for application, would make a more rapid

progress in the art; he determined on keeping him, and assigned him so much work, as to leave him no leisure for painting; but the slave always fulfilled his task, and continued to paint portraits, which Velasquez, apprized of the place where they were concealed, had frequently the curiosity to examine; and their merit raised his envy to such a degree, that at last his slave was become his torment. *Velasquez.*

The King of Spain, who was an uncommon admirer of painting, frequently resorted to the apartments of Velasquez, to see his works; and as he went there one day, in his absence, Pareja, wearied with working in secrecy and dread, seized the opportunity of placing one of his pictures before him, and prostrating himself at the monarch's feet, he intreated him to obtain his master's pardon, and his leave to paint.

Philip the Fourth, who was possessed of a greatness of soul, found himself interested by the merit as well as the fate

of his unfortunate supplicant, and made Velasquez give him his freedom; but Pareja, who saw how dearly the forced sacrifice cost his master, whose resentment was at it's height, determined on never leaving him, and at length, by his constant attentions and attachment, overcame the jealous disposition of Velasquez.

Velasquez.

There is in this work of his pencil, such truth, and it is executed with such freedom and spirit, that like Alcibiades' dog, which has justly passed to posterity as a *chef d'œuvre* of sculpture, this will stand the test, and pass also as a masterpiece of painting.

In a court-yard, a dog is chained, with some meat brought in a dish, before him: unfortunately his chain is too short, and he makes vain efforts to reach it.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 44.

The Resurrection, a Sketch for an Altar-Piece at Madrid.

When Sir Joshua Reynolds saw this picture, he was thrown into an enthusiasm which cannot be described, as it was in his opinion, one of the most spirited and meritorious sketches he had beheld; and on being represented, that some of the figures, hands and feet were far from being correctly drawn, he answered that such a thing was not to be expected in a sketch, as their being marked, was sufficient to shew what an effect the large picture would have, and he added, that if all the parts were equally terminated and correct, it would be no longer a sketch, but a finished picture—let us describe it! *Velasquez.*

Heaven is just opened, and in the midst of night, it's light is for a few

ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM OXFORD

moments, dissipating darkness; and our Saviour, with the standard of faith in his hand, ascends triumphantly, amidst the cherubs and angels.

The tomb is in the centre of the picture, and though most painters, who have treated this subject, have represented it open, Velasquez has left it closed, conformable to the scripture, that it remained so 'till the next morning, when an angel came, and rolled away the stone:—

Velasquez.

"And behold there was a great earthquake, and the "angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came, "and rolled away the stone from the door of the se- "pulchre." *St. Matthew*, chap. xxviii.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 45.

St. Francis Xaverius presented to the Holy Trinity.

However eminent the talents of an artist may be, we find ourselves revolted

at their attempting to represent the Deity, under the form of an emaciated old man, with a long beard, and white locks, and wrapped up in cumbrous drapery, as expressive of old age. We are surprized that our ancestors did not decry such liberties, and mark them with pointed censure.

We may be asked under what form should God be represented? and we unequivocally answer, under none; for although we keep those pictures in which such licence has been taken, merely for their merit, as fine specimens of art, we trust, that neither our cotemporaries or posterity will fall into a similar error. *Velasquez.*

St. Francis Xaverius, surnamed the Apostle of the Indies, was born in Navarre, a country tributary to Spain, and was educated in one of the most celebrated universities; where he became extremely learned. He was still a youth when he made the acquaintance of St. Ignatius, the founder of the society of Jesuits; but as their maxims differed, and St. Francis Xaverius was

remarkably proud, St. Ignatius, who wished to convert him to his principles, adopted the means of flattering him into a compliance with his views, by excessive praises of his intense knowledge and learning.

Velasquez. That flattery was successful; the two Saints became intimate, and set out together for Italy, where they made a vow of chastity. They were however shortly after obliged to separate, for John the Third, King of Portugal, wishing to send some Christian missionaries into India, applied to Pope Paul the Thirdy who among a number of other Jesuits, named by him for that expedition, included St. Francis Xaverius.

Soon after the nomination, they quitted Rome with the Portuguese ambassador, and although his Excellency had furnished Xaverius with a horse for the journey to Lisbon, he declined making use of it, prefering the fatigue of walking; and in every inn at which they necessarily stopped, during the route, he assisted the ambassador's servants in

the most menial offices, as well as in cleaning the horses, and frequently gave up to another the bed which was prepared for him, chusing rather to be with the grooms, and pass the night in the stable.

Velasquez.

On the arrival of the mission at Lisbon, and while waiting for the ship which was to take them to India, the King appointed one of his palaces for their residence;—Francis Xaverius however declined the offer, and preferred sleeping in the workhouse, and to subsist on alms till his departure.

It is impossible for us to follow St. Francis Xaverius to the Indies, through China, and the different voyages he made to other places, nor can we enumerate the many miracles he has performed. We shall only observe that Pope Paul the Fifth placed him in the calendar of saints in 1619, and that Gregory the Fifteenth, his successor, canonized him in 1622, to the infinite joy of Spain, who had to boast of a new Saint of their own nation.—It was

at that period that Velasquez flourished, and he has commemorated the event by several pictures.

This represents the Holy Trinity in refulgent beams of glory, surrounded by a choir of cherubins and angels; the Holy Ghost is there in the figure of a dove, glancing celestial rays on St. Francis Xaverius who, in the habit of his order, is kneeling on the left of the *Velasquez.* picture, his arms extended, and his head raised towards the Holy Trinity, to which the Virgin Mary, who is sitting at the right hand of our Saviour, appears to present him.

At the bottom of the picture, are two angels, one offering up to heaven, the religiously inflamed heart of St. Francis Xaverius, whilst the other presents the Saint, with a branch of white lily, as a reward of his chastity.

The fire and spirit of Velasquez, are strongly evinced by this work. The touch is firm, and the colouring glowing and harmonious.

ON CANVAS.

GIUSEPPE RIBERA, called SPAGNOLETTO,
Born at Xativa, 1589.

No. 46.

Seneca dictating his Will.

As Hogarth, the celebrated engraver, called one day on Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was obliged to wait some little time, and was shewn into the parlour, where he found by the fire-side, a gentleman who looked at him, but neither got up nor opened his lips.

Soon after, Hogarth withdrew into an antichamber, and taking his pocket-book and pencil, he was sketching him when Sir Joshua came. "For these "six months," said the engraver, "I "have not been able to finish a work "for want of an idiot's figure; I have at "last found a perfect one in your par-"lour, and taken a sketch of him."—It was the famed writer Doctor Johnson.

Such was the figure of Spagnoletto, who looked so dull, so shy and insipid, that far from discovering in his person, the least appearance of the great man he was, most people took him for one who had scarce common sense.—*Frons, oculi, vultus per sæpé mentiuntur.*

Spagnoletto. In this performance, one of the best of that eminent master, the composition presents thirteen figures, in attitudes equally moving and varied. We see in his last moments, in the arms of, and surrounded by his disciples, the greatest and most virtuous of men, whose veins have just been opened conformably to the cruel orders of Nero. He is dictating his last will, which one of his disciples, who is at his feet, is writing.

Two others of his disciples, are supporting in their arms, the enfeebled body of the old man, who is only covered with a piece of drapery, whilst another supports his legs; the rest, are some opposite, others around him, and all expressing by their countenances,

not that affected grief which we see on the hypocritical face of an avaricious heir, but a regret mixed with tenderness, at losing by so tragical an end, their friend and master.

ON CANVAS.

BARTHOLOMEW STEPHEN MURILLO,
Born at Pilas, 1615.

No. 47.

Christ after Flagellation.

The painter offers us, in this truly moving performance, the Saviour of the world, reduced for our sins, to th eabject condition of a vile culprit, naked and trembling, and in the most excruciating torments; yet that dignity and sweetness, that patience and resignation, with which, the Son of God went through the whole of his passion, are so well expressed in his countenance, that our feelings are the more worked upon, at the sight of such humility and goodness.

But the wise and religious artist, who no doubt was affected himself by his own work, has taken care to relieve us in some degree, for at the very moment that, fatigued and exhausted, the tyrants have left our Saviour in the ut-

Murillo. most misery, he has, like another Parmegiano, and with no less power, introduced two celestial beings, two fervent angels who are comforting Christ, and sympathising in pains.

It was, as it is well known, in subjects of devotion, that the devout Murillo excelled.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 48.

Our Saviour bearing his Cross.

This picture offers a composition of ten figures. Now we see him in the last stage of his sufferings, in his way to Mount Calvary, insulted, loaded with

imprecations, dragged and beaten by his savage and barbarous executioners, while his mother in pangs and agonizing, together with his distressed and faithful disciple John, are following him in the tumult and horror he is surrounded with.

Such trials, such bitter adversities are more than human nature can bear; and already weakened by a fast of forty days, by a long imprisonment, by his flagellation, and an excruciating wreath of thorns, our Redeemer can no longer support himself, and falls under the weight of his cross—but making a last effort, he raises his head, and turning his eyes towards heaven, he implores the assistance of his celestial Father, while by a secret impulse of her duty, and in an effusion of pity, Veronica falls on her knees, and offers him her veil, to wipe his sacred face. *Murillo.*

It is thus that Murillo has treated this most difficult subject, which many have attempted, which few have well done, and in which he has been sur-

passed by none, either for colouring, drawing, spirit, or expression; and we must add that it is composed both with that grandeur and simplicity which so solemn and so awful a spectacle requires.

Murillo.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 49.

St. Joseph returning from his work, with the Infant Jesus and the Virgin Mary.

The Infant Jesus clothed in a grey drapery, is walking between St. Joseph and the Holy Virgin, who is covered with a scarlet garment and blue drapery, with sandals on her feet, and a veil on her head, holding one of the hands of the infant, whilst St. Joseph holds him by the other, and carries an axe on his shoulder, as returning from his work.

It is after a prejudice of which we no where find the origin, that painters have

not ceased to represent St. Joseph as a carpenter, for it is not proved that he ever learnt or exercised that trade; on the contrary, Julius Africanus, that writer who lived in the beginning of the third century, and whose veracity we have no reason to suspect, not only tells us that he hath known himself some relations of St. Joseph, but he assures that he worked in iron, a term made use of then, to signify a smith. *Murillo.*

It is certain therefore that we have no kind of authority to make a carpenter of him. All that we know possibly of St. Joseph, is that he was a just man, who descended from the royal family of David, and that he lived in Nazareth, where he exercised a trade, for in those times, the descendants of Kings lived by the labour of their hands.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 50.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

This is deemed a great curiosity, not only as an uncommon good picture, which part we leave to the connoisseurs to judge of, but on account of the scarcity of Murillo's landscapes.

Murillo. It represents a country in Spain, enriched with trees and a stone building, detached from a very silvery sky.

On the right, in the fore-ground, is a large well, with a trough at a small distance, to water the cattle, and on one side of the well, are two women, one of whom holds a bucket, and shews the handle of it to a countryman who is at the opposite side, with a long pole and a hook, as if desiring him to let down the bucket, and bring water for her.

On the left, in the second ground, a shepherdess and her dog are following a

flock of sheep advancing towards the well, and on the third, near the building half in ruins, are seen a man and woman conversing together.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 51.

St. Martin relieving the Poor.

Murillo.

The legend informs us that St. Martin became Bishop of Tours, and performed a great many miracles; was born in Lower Hungary and educated at Pavia in Italy, where his family had settled. His father who was in the army, distinguished himself, and being made a brigadier, did all he could to instill in his son, an early taste for the profession of arms; but the youth, who only breathed piety, had it in abhorrence, and wished for nothing but the church, which made him shelter himself in a monastery.

However when he had attained the age of fifteen, the brigadiers, with his father at their head, came and forced him from his religious retreat, made him take military oaths, and he was entered in the cavalry.

Notwithstanding St. Martin had felt at first, so much reluctance for the profession of arms, he submitted to his fate, and determined not only to remain a stranger to those vices and extravagances that usually attend it, but also to set his fellow soldiers, the example of humility, piety, patience, chastity and charity, which last virtue he possessed in so eminent a degree, that the necessitous were secure of assistance, while he had any thing to bestow.

Murillo.

One day, as our young warrior was taking a ride in the neighbourhood of Amiens, he met a poor man naked and begging relief. It was then winter, and the season very rigorous, notwithstanding which, several had passed the miserable object, without taking notice of it; but though Martin had already

given all the money he had, and was reduced to his arms and clothes, such was the tenderness of his heart, that he divided his cloak between the beggar and himself, which made those who passed by, divert themselves at the figure of a soldier half clothed.

This picture was imported into this country about forty years ago, by Mr. Blackwood, of Soho-square, together with *a Holy Family, a St. Francis,* and *the Infant Jesus asleep,* all by Murillo. *Murillo.* They were purchased by Sir Lawrence Dundas, who placed two of them in his town-house, and sent the two others to Moor Park.

After his decease, the Earl of Ashburnham bought the *St. Francis,* Mr. Agar the *Infant Jesus,* Mr. Thelluson *the Holy Family,* and the *St. Martin* came into this collection.

ON CANVAS.

CASANOVA.

No. 52.

A Halt of Cavalry.

The composition presents fifteen figures and fourteen horses. In the centre of the picture, is seen an officer mounted on a white charger, and by his side, another who has alighted to open his portmanteau. On the fore-ground, two cavaliers are extended on the grass, whilst to the right, another upon his horse, holds their's by the bridles.

On the second ground, the horses are already in motion, and announcing the filing off of the corps; and we see on the third, that the march is already commenced.

The pictures of this artist, as a painter of battles and horses, will pass to posterity in celebrated cabinets, amongst the works of Wouvermans, Hugtenburg, and Bourguignon.

French School.

NICOLO POUSSIN, born at Andily, 1594.

No. 53.

The Holy Family at the passage of the River Jordan.

This picture is mentioned by Felibien, in his eighth discourse on the works of painters, in the following words:—

Poussin painted a Flight into Egypt *for Madame de Montmor, who some time after, became Madame de Chanteiou by a second marriage, &c. for whom he likewise painted* a Samaritan Woman.

The first object in the centre, is a waterman who is advancing his boat to receive the Holy Family. The ass has already entered, and St. Joseph is kneeling on the edge of the boat, lifting the blessed infant into it, while his head is turned, as if seeking for the most suitable place for him; the Virgin stand on the right, waiting to enter.

On the opposite side of the river we easily distinguish Egypt, by it's burnt and barren soil, and by it's ruins and pyramids; a group of angels carrying a cross, are hovering on the clouds at the moment that St. Joseph lifts from the ground, the infant, whose profile only is seen; his head is elevated towards heaven, and his looks are fixed on the angels and the cross which appears to have rivetted his attention.

Poussin.

It is said of the scientific Poussin, that he never introduced into his works, any superfluous objects——should we then ask why this celestial group and cross! is it merely as an ornament to the work, and to occupy a space?

The cross points out to us, that this is the Holy Family, and as that cross is seen only by the child, it serves as the harbinger of his sufferings, of his passing from cross to cross till that on which he finally expired. The present is the first he experienced, driven so very young into a necessary and precipitate flight, to avoid the persecution

of his enemy, the murdering, merciless Herod.

Could this subject have been treated with more art and wisdom, and is it possible that any other painter should have carried colouring to a higher pitch, in a work so solemn and so awful?

When Mr. Gavin Hamilton, who had passed the best part of his life, in collecting for the most celebrated cabinets in Europe, saw and examined this picture, he was so pleased with the colouring, that he exclaimed, "it was pure gold and silver." *Poussin.*

Notwithstanding the superior merit of Raphael and Poussin, some young collectors do not seek for their works, or when they do, it is more for their names, than from a relish of their pictures, because they are unacquainted with the beauties of the outline and the correctness of drawing.

They find a dryness in Raphael, and too much severity in Poussin, instead of gay glittering colours, and a soft execution; so that being more pleased

with the glare of china or the gaudy colours of a fan, than with the great works of art and genius, they search for such pictures as have a nearer resemblance to fans and china, and we ought not to be surprized at it, for notwithstanding the acknowledged superiority of wine over milk, a child prefers milk to wine.

Those young judges will have it that more merit is attributed to Raphael and Poussin, than they really possess; let us therefore recur back to the age in which Poussin flourished, and see, on tracing this great man in his career, whether the artists and connoisseurs of his time, were of their opinion.

Poussin.

He lived at a period, when painting was most pursued, and consequently most understood: it was in the time of Rubens, Vandyke, Guido, Domenichino, Guercino, Albano, Claude, Velasquez, Murillo, and many other celebrated masters who, notwithstanding the jealousy common to artists, did however admire and praise the work of

Poussin, whose commissions were more numerous than he could execute; and without mentioning all the palaces and principal collections he contributed so highly to enrich, we will enumerate only those of his admirers who were the most eager for his works.

Cardinal Richelieu, prime minister of France—the celebrated Cardinal Barbarini, whose taste and knowledge have stamped the collection of his name with renown—the famous Chevalier del Pozzo,—Mr. Gillier, the first connoisseur of that age—and the Marquis de Voghera, that scientific antiquarian, whose collection of medals and paintings, was so extolled—M. de Cambray, the well known writer on the fine arts —the celebrated Marquis de Seignelay —the president de Thou, another first-rate amateur—Mr. Lumague, M. Searron, Mr. Poyntel, Mr. Raynon, whose names hold the most illustrious rank in the annals of painting—M. de la Vrilliere, Secretary of State—M. de *Ponssiu.*

Mauray, superintendant of the finances —M. de Noyers, the French Mecenas —nearly all the Sovereigns of Europe, and the superiors of the different monasteries—in short, all those men of taste and genius, cotemporaries of Poussin, were those who most sought to pos-
Poussin. sess his works.

Allowing however, improbable as it is, that those great characters may have been influenced by his friends, or particular patrons, what could have induced the great men of the following age, to the same partiality, since the bigotted patrons of Poussin, were no more? and why at the present day more than ever, is there that avidity for those of his works which remain, for time, the destroyer of all things, has deprived us of many of them?

It is because judgment and reason are the same in every age, and that the rules of art and true taste, are immutable. As invariably as the rule that makes two and two amount to four, a good composition, correctness of design,

spirit, transparency, natural colouring, just expression and true contour are required to form a good picture; they are assembled in those of Poussin, and conspire to make his works sought for by all the true connoisseurs.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 54.

A Landscape, with Orion, and several other Figures.

Some will have it that the giant Orion, who was a renowned huntsman, having endeavoured to seduce Aerope, wife of King Oenopion, was by him deprived of his eye-sight; but Diocles reports that this was done by Diana, who once entertained such a fondness for Orion, as to resolve to make him her husband, but soon after was offended at his attempting her chastity, and boasting of his superior skill in the chase. *Poussin.*

Vulcan however pitied Orion, and after receiving him kindly at Lemnos, gave him for a guide, one of his faithful servants, named Pedalion, who conducted him to the palace of the sun, where Apollo restored Orion to his sight.

Felibien mentions also this performance in the following words:—"*Il "peignit pour Monsieur Passart, maitre "des comptes, un grand paysage ou est "Orion avenglé par Diane.*" He painted for Mr. Passart, a large landscape in which is Orion deprived of his sight by Diana.

Pouffin.

He is seen in the left of the picture, advancing with precaution and timidity, holding his bow with one hand, and his quiver hanging at his left side, over a skin with which the lower part of his body is covered. Pedalion is mounted upon his shoulders, and indicates him the way; in the mean time, Diana descends on a gilded cloud, to see the unfortunate Orion pass, and whilst the cruel goddess enjoys tranquilly the

fruit of her vengeance, passengers stop to look, and appear as dwarfs by the enormous bulk of Orion, and they seem struck with the novelty of the sight.

The landscape affords a vast quantity of trees, with high mountains, and the whole forms one of the best and most grand works of Poussin. *Poussin.*

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 55.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

Many are of opinion that the landscapes of Nicolo Poussin, in this style, are of his first manner; we apprehend however the contrary. Felibien speaking of this picture, informs us that it was painted in 1648, consequently when Poussin was in his 54th year, and that it was in the collection of Chevalier de Lorraine.

It is of little consequence however, whether it was painted in his first or second manner; it is offered as a *chef d'œuvre* of the art, and we feel confident our assertions will be supported by the connoisseurs and admirers of landscape beauty.

Poussin.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 56.

A Landscape with Figures.

From a conviction that this masterly work, is not only the production of Poussin's pencil, but that it was painted in his best time, we have vainly sought for it in Felibien, for he no where mentions it; but he says, that besides those pictures of Poussin, which he enumerates, there were some others, of which he has no knowledge.

This represents a gradual rising ground, intersected by avenues, whose

windings lead at length, to some beautiful temples, and a monument, which are, in a masterly manner, detached from an enchanting sky. The right and left are occupied by trees of a beautiful verdure, and distant mountains form the back-ground.

A superb tomb, ornamented with two marble figures, is in the lower part of the picture; near which a man appears hastily advancing; while another, at a little distance, is reposing on the road-side. *Poussin.*

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 57.

Alexander and Diogenes.

This is a composition of eighteen small figures. Part of the picture is occupied by a fine piece of architecture, through which we look into the country; Alexander, with his attendants,

accosts Diogenes, who is seated near his tub. In the front is a young man holding a white horse, whilst two slaves carrying presents destined for Diogenes, are advancing.

Poussin. The whole is of a firm and vigorous touch, and a clear silvery tone of colouring.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 46.

A small St. John in the Wilderness.

Chance sometimes presents us in the sky, the fire, upon marble, and upon stones, figures and objects that we should almost believe to be the works of art. Poussin saw upon a piece of marble, a desart and St. John, half formed by nature, and finished with his pencil what she had sketched; covering with colour, but one part of the work, so that art and nature have an equal share in this.

One might suppose, after this, that with much labour to satisfy a caprice, the artist has arrived but imperfectly at his end; whilst, on the contrary, the whole together forms a little precious cabinet picture.

The child is seated at the foot of a rock, crowning with flowers, his lamb which is lying down near him. On the right, is his cross, and round it this label, *Ecce Agnus Dei:* on the left, another rock and a view of the sky, against which are the branches of the wild arbustus.

SEBASTIAN BOURDON,

Born at Montpelier, 1616.

No. 59.

One of the Seven Acts of Mercy.

The Burying of the Dead.

We feel confident that connoisseurs, as well as artists, will agree with us, in pronouncing this one of the best pro-

ductions of a master, whose abilities have justly placed him in the rank of his countrymen, Poussin and Le Sueur, and whose misfortunes in life, arose not from vicious habits, but from a peculiarity of character, and rugged though honest disposition.

Bourdon. Bourdon had gone to Rome, while very young, and continued his studies there when his reputation had flown through Europe. At his return to France, he would have been loaded with commissions, had he possessed the art too frequently necessary to painters, of courting patronage; he was besides suspected of being a protestant.

Soon after his return to France, he retired to Montpelier, his natal place, were his poverty was so excessive, that he was unable to shew himself for want of necessary clothing, till a taylor, who had long known and esteemed Bourdon, sent him a complete suit, with a cloak and cap.

Bourdon, who was naturally fond of employment, having at that time,

nothing else to do, was just finishing his own portrait, when the parcel was brought; he requested the bearer to wait, and ornamenting the figure with with the cap and cloak, he sent the picture to the taylor, who shortly after, furnished him with money to enable him to go to Sweden, where he hoped to meet with a better fortune.

Bourdon.

However, his employment there was so trifling, that he was reduced to sleep and paint in a garret, till Queen Christina, who was ambitious of passing for a philosopher, and patroness of the fine arts, of which she understood very little, heard of him, had him brought to court, and took him into her service; but misfortune that had ever pursued the artist, did not permit him to continue long in it.

The Queen used to pass her leisure hours in drawing and painting, and it is needless to say that she was impressed with the highest opinion of her own talents, by those who were about her. Christina shewed her works to Bourdon

who had the imprudent candour to speak his real sentiments of them; and it was in vain, they informed him of the high encomiums which the nobility and court ladies had passed on them; his opinion remained directly opposite to their's.

If Kings are impatient of contradiction, it may easily be conceived that Christina, a Queen, was not less so; and the personal mortification she suffered on that occassion, was too great to suffer her to be attached any longer to Bourdon; she however continued to employ him, and now and then sat to him for her portrait; but exclusively of the humiliating remarks he used to make, whenever the Queen was shewing him any of her pictures, a circumstance occurred which at last, made her dismiss him from her service.

Bourdon.

The pictures which her father, Gustavus the Second, had seized in the city of Prague, after taking it, had never been unpacked, and Christina, who pretended to a perfect knowledge of the

art, one day ordered them to be so in her presence, while attended by her ladies of honor; and after examining them, pronounced the pictures to be good for nothing, and to confirm her opinion, she sent for Bourdon, with whose difficult and severe taste she was so well acquainted; but much to her disappointment, the painter found them beautiful, and told her so: *If that is the case*, said the Queen piqued, *they are yours, for I give them to you.* *Bourdon.*

Bourdon immediately represented to her Majesty, the injury she was doing herself in parting with them, and assured her they were such *chef d'œuvres* of art, as could hardly be matched.

Among them were those pictures by Correggio which the Regent of France afterwards purchased, and have been brought here about four years ago, in the Orléans collection.

Christina kept them, and although it was impossible for her, not to admire the disinterestedness of the artist, her vanity was so wounded, at his having

convicted her of ignorance, before all the ladies of the court, that it got the better of every other consideration, and Bourdon soon after, under some other pretence, was dismissed the court, and returned to his garret.

His disgrace however was not of a very long continuance, for although the Queen wanted the knowledge of pictures, she did not want good sense, and perhaps admired in secret, the artist's honest frankness;—he was recalled, and employed as before; and as Christina was more eager to obtain for her works, Bourdon's approbation, than all the praises of her court, some days after his return, she shewed him what she had been doing in his absence, when the artist correcting in some measure, his former liberties, did not disapprove, but on being pressed for his opinion, he turned to one of the pages, and said, "take back my easel and palette to my "garret!"

Bourdon.

It were much to be wished for the sake of Princes and other great men,

that the artists and connoisseurs whom they consult, followed the example of Bourdon. These are doubtless, some as honorable and sincere; but many more of them false; who, in expectation of insinuating themselves into favor, by their flatteries, extoll the miserable works which a proprietor submits to their opinion, and descry those of the first merit, which he does not possess. *Bourdon.*

To what dangers do not such people expose a collector, who not able to rely on his own judgment, relies on their own assurances? he casts his eyes about his rooms and sees himself surrounded with wealth, in the finest productions of art, and calculates his resources accordingly; but should he be under the necessity of realizing, it is then, he finds how cruelly he has been deceived.

His pictures are sent to Paillet's, in Paris, or to Pall Mall, in London, and there, the true gold is extracted from the dross. It is there that the admirers of his pretended Raphaels and Cor-

reggios, turn their backs on them: and there, all his Italian copies laughed at by Le Brun, and browbeaten by Tassaert, notwithstanding the zeal of the auctioneer, will not produce the hundredth part of what they had been calculated at: * but let us return to our picture of Bourdon!

Bourdon.

It represents a charitable, though very sorrowful subject, and it is the particular and exclusive province of great geniuses, to treat such difficult ones which they will not omit through false delicacy, in order to recal man to his own reflections, and correct his follies through his own ageney.

The scene is a place dedicated to the burial of the dead, in which the victims of a contagious malady, are brought, and lie scattered among ruins, in the fore-part of the picture.

On the right, is a tomb grated with iron bars, and on it a sepulchral lamp is burning; at it's base is a pyramid,

* Messrs. Tassaert and Le Brun are equally well known in France and England, as connoisseurs.

and on this side of it, is a mutilated statue; near a pedestal on the same side, some men are carrying a dead body, wrapped in a winding sheet, while two other men are advancing, to perform the same duty to other bodies which are extended near them.

In the centre, a multitude of people of both sexes, are lamenting the loss of their relatives and friends; but we easily perceive that they approach with dread, being themselves menaced with the greatest danger;—in the foreground of the centre, a child lies on the body of it's departed mother, endeavouring to feed itself at her breast; but it's haggard looks shew it's disappointment of drawing nourishment from that source which had till then, sustained it's life. *Bourdon.*

On the left of the picture, are several figures, tombs, columns, statues, and a lamp which burns with three lights; the back-ground is composed of several trees, and a sky awfully obscure; the work comprizes about fifty figures.

The French who now possess the principal *chef d'œuvres* of painting, and who are daily improving in the knowledge of the art, have placed in the National Museum, all the works of Bourdon, that they have been able to obtain.

CLAUDE LORRAINE, born at Lorraine, 1600.

No. 60.

A Sea-Port with the Embarkation of Saint Paula.

Vid. Lib. de Verita.

Paula was a widow who lived at Rome, and whom her confessor, St. Jerome, advised to quit her infant family, and go to the Holy Land.

Claude, in small, spirited and exquisite figures, has happily introduced the subject in this fascinating and truly aerial performance, in the centre of which the sun dissipates the morning

fog, glides and reflects on the undulating motion of the sea; while the eye is equally delighted with its shipping, and the superb architecture the port is enriched with.

This picture was the property of Prince Rupert, nephew to Charles the First, and inventor of mezzotinto engraving. That Prince, equally famed for military valour and elegant taste, bequeathed his cabinet to a respectable family, with whom it has remained till within a few years, when it was disposed of by private contract, and some of the pictures were then purchased for, and are in this collection. *Claude.*

Such has ever been the estimation in which the pictures of Claude have been held, that they have frequently enriched the individuals into whose hands they have successively fallen, because their value has constantly increased since the artist's death, and more so, at this period when various accidents have much reduced their number.

Laurent Gelée, a native of Lunéville, who was by trade a hatter, went to establish himself in Paris, about the year 1710, and among the furniture that he removed, there was a landscape, the merit and value of which he was ignorant of: it had descended to him from his grandfather who was the uncle and godfather of Claude Lorraine, whom he had educated, and to whom
Claude. the grateful artist had sent this work with his portrait, at the time he flourished in Rome.

Shortly after the hatter had opened his shop in Paris, the picture was seen by a connoisseur who likewise took others to inspect it, which soon produced an offer so considerable, as to surprize Laurent, whom however it did not tempt, for he determined on keeping it through respect to his parents; and his filial piety was rewarded by an immense fortune which it procured him, for as the picture had made so much noise, the inhabitants of Paris, and even the strangers sought to be gratified with

a sight of it, and crowded daily to his house, by which means the sale in his shop was so great, that he became he first hatter in the kingdom, and employed long, four whole manufactories at Lyons, for his hats, which were at length so celebrated, that no other than those *a la Gelée* (the name given to them) were worn by any one.

Laurent's brother was valet de chambre to the famous Cardinal Dubois, prime minister to the Regent of France, and who was also, it is said, the zealous minister of his pleasures.* His Eminence wished to see that celebrated picture, and shewed it to the Regent who was very desirous of purchasing it, but the hatter begged to decline the sale, representing that he must shut up his shop, if he were deprived of his sign. *Claude.*

At his death, it was sold for an incredible sum, and we believe it has fallen since into the possession of a person

* It was on him that the following epitaph was made:

Rome rougit d'avoir rougi,
Et Mercure qui gît ici.

of the name of L'Empereur, a jeweller on the Pont Neuf in Paris.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 61.

Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

Vide Lib. di Verità.

We are here presented with one of the most enchanting landscapes of Italy which is so highly finished, and so sweetly executed, that in beholding it, we seem to breathe the pure and beneficial air of that delightful country, and are really in a kind of extacy at the sight of so favourite a spot, and of it's rural inhabitants, which Claude, though he too frequently neglected his figures, has most correctly drawn, and most preciously elaborated in this picture; a proof that he looked upon it, as one of his best performances. *Claude.*

After having made the purchase of it, we found it was covered with a varnish,

in which (unaccountable as it may appear) had been melted some Spanish liquorice, which by darkening part of the picture, totally ruined it's effect, and concealed most of it's beauties: we had that varnish removed, and the picture was immediately restored to it's primitive and present splendor. *Claude.*

The front of the picture, represents a piece of water, which a young man and a girl, who is carrying on her head, a basket of linen, are crossing barefooted, and preceded by a large herd of cows, sheep, and goats; and on the same side, there is a hill, richly embellished with trees of the finest form, against a warm and lovely sky: edifices and some ruins are also seen upon the summit of the hill.

On the right of the picture, there is another group; a man sitting on the water-side, is preparing to pass, and leans on his stick, while extending one of his legs towards a young girl who is on her knees, taking off his stockings; near her is a basket of linen; and on other side, a woman waiting.

On the second ground, is seen a river towards the centre, and to the right, trees, some ruins and a terrace, the summit of which is covered with an edifice, and high mountains are perceived in the distance.

Claude. Of all the masters, the works of Claude are those that have been the least copied; in fact, when we consider the precious tints and enamel of this picture, we cannot be surprized at it, for he has rendered it perfectly inimitable.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 62.

A Landscape with Figures.

Vide Lib. di Verita.

In the centre of the picture, an old countryman plays on his bagpipes, as he walks, and behind him, two girls are carrying linen, which they appear to

have been drying: to the right of the picture, another countryman, carrying his spade on his shoulder, is crossing a bridge; and more retired, a flock of sheep are grazing on a hillock.

Claude.

The landscape is enriched with trees, shrubs and flowers, and presents throughout, that calm serenity which captivates the soul; whilst the declining rays of the yet vivifying sun, recal the lustre of it's meridian.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 63.

A Landscape with Figures.

Vid. Lib. di Verità.

The right and left are occupied with groups of trees, of the finest forms and most exquisite leafage; and the foreground offers to our view, a river upon which are boats with figures.

On the high road, which is on this side, we see a young man leading an ass, on which are a pack saddle and panniers; a little further are two young girls, one of whom is leaning her hand on the shoulder of her companion, seated on the bank of a river, conversing together; and on advancing more
Claude. to the right, we find another group of figures, one of which is lying down, and appears asleep on a red cloak spread upon the grass, whilst a man and woman are drinking and caressing; near them two figures are seen, and a man who is looking through a spying glass.

On the second ground, we see a hill covered with trees; at the foot of which is a water mill, with the house of the miller: on the third is a shepherd with a flock of sheep grazing; and at a distance, houses and mountains, which seem to unite themselves to a sky, whose transparency is perfectly in harmony with the rest of the picture, which, it will be allowed, is one of the best of Claude.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 64.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

The severest criticism will not impeach our assertion of this work being one of those *chef d'œuvres* of the art, to which Claude owes the high reputation he enjoys, for the best judges, as well as the most minute scrutineers, have agreed that very few of his pictures have surpassed this. *Claude.*

It is one of those happy compositions, which unite the most lovely scenes in nature with the successful efforts of genius; so that this great master, by the power of his magic pencil, has presented us nature itself in a work of art, by which the mind and the eye are equally gratified.

In one of those beautiful days we sometimes see in England, and which are so frequent in Italy; the mind

eagerly explores a landscape, whose serenity and calmness invite the fatigued peasant to rest; and whose exquisite beauties are bitterly regretted by the idle and opulent inhabitants of cities.

In the front of the picture, the chrystal wave plays sportively on the bosom of a sheet of water, of an enchanting effect; a road is on this side of it, in which a girl has just stopt an ass she is mounted upon, and is alighting with the assistance of a young peasant, while some goats finely scattered, are browsing near them; on the same road, and banking the water on the other side, some noble oaks of the most luxuriant growth, whose venerable and extensive branches forming a vast and refreshing shade, are beautifully reflected on the limpid surface.

Claude.

In the centre, a majestic hill crowned with buildings and verdure, is also reflected in the water; whilst the distant mountains form a commanding back-ground, and are through the embosoming vapour, skilfully detached

from a very harmonizing sky, which, free from the burning rays of the sun, presents an atmosphere uniting warmth with comfort.

ON CANVAS.

JAMES STELLA, born at Lyons, 1596.

No. 65.

St. Joseph in his last Moments.

The world stands indebted to the celebrated Cardinal Barbarini, for the preservation of this artist, who shortly after his arrival at Rome, where he was unknown, destitute of money and resources, and in want of every thing, was thrown into prison, in which he must inevitably have perished, had not the Cardinal afforded him relief.

Stella had with some charcoal, drawn the figures of the Virgin and Child on the wall of his prison, when a judge of the art, who used to visit, out of charity, one of the prisoners, chanced to

set the work, and after minutely examining it, was so struck with it's singular merit, that he spoke of it, to Cardinal Barbarini, who went to see it, and immediately released the artist whom he patronized ever after.

The other prisoners considered his deliverance as a miracle operated through the intercession of that Virgin, to whom Stella in effect owed his enlargement; they therefore paid her ho-
Stella. mage, and the gaoler raised her an altar, at which the prisoners to this day offer up their prayers.

This picture represents St. Joseph in extreme old age, and at his last moments; he is in bed, listening with the greatest attention, to our Saviour who is seated near consoling and preparing him for eternity. The virgin is also there, afflicted and weeping at the approaching dissolution of her husband.

Angels inhabit with them, that holy abode, from which all appearance of luxury is banished, and one of them is

kneeling at the foot of the bed, whilst two others, with joined hands, and impressed with awe and respect, are standing behind him.

On the right, a white cloth covers a table, on which some fruits are spread; and towards the top, a choir of angels are floating on a cloud, united in prayer.

ON CANVAS.

PETER MIGNARD, born at Troyes, 1610.

No. 66.

Two young Princes, in the Character of Huntsmen.

It was at the demand of Lewis the 14th, that this painter quitted Rome, where he was much employed, to return to France; his father's name was *Moor*, but Henry the 4th seeing him one day, with six of his sons; all officers, well made, said, these are not

Moors, they are *Mignards*,* and the name remained with the family.

Mignard painted ten times and at different epochs of his life, the portrait of Lewis the 14th; the last time the King sat to him, he said, you must find me grown old! Sire, answered Mignard, I only see a few more campaigns traced upon the face of your Majesty.

Mignard.

The picture represents two young huntsmen, the natural sons (we are told) of Lewis the 14th, by Madame de Montespan, who were afterwards legitimated. They are in a landscape, and the eldest, who carries a lance, is resting himself near a tree, whilst the youngest, holding a bow in his right hand, is resting with the other on the shoulder of his brother.

On the right of the picture, a white horse is seen held by a negro; and on the fore-ground are lying, a hare and a doe, which the young princes have just

* A word which signifies a favourite, a very handsome man

brought from the chase. The whole is well coloured and most exquisitely finished.

ON CANVAS.

GASPAR POUSSIN, born in France, 1600.

No. 67.

A Landscape with Figures.

View in the Environs of Tivoli.

As the King of Poland was particularly desirous that the works of this master, should serve as models to the landscape painters of Warsaw, we were recommended to purchase as many of them as we could find; they are however so scarce, that this is the only one we were able to procure.

On the day we purchased this, together with some other works of the different schools, we wrote to inform his Majesty of it. He was then holding a diet at Grodno, and on the eve of

losing part of Poland, which made him answer, "*Je vous remercie de tout mon coeur, car aprésent mon bonheur n'est plus qu'en peinture.*"

As the French word *peinture* is equivocal, and signifies both painting and fiction, his Majesty made use of that expression, to imply that his pleasures should in future, be confined to pictures, and at the same time, that his happiness was become but a mere fiction.

The picture represents a small upright landscape, painted with uncommon spirit, and free from that defect which has been so frequently reproached to Gaspar, of being too green.

ON CANVAS.

ANTHONY WATTEAUX, born at Valenciennes, 1614.

No. 68.

Le Bal Champetre.

In his last illness, Watteaux had retired to Nogent, a village near Paris,

and as his life was despaired of, the curate of the place, came frequently to visit him, and always brought a large crucifix carved in ivory, which he used to lay down on Watteaux's bed, while he was praying or making his exhortations.

Watteaux.

At the very first visit, the curate had remarked that Watteaux was constantly turning his eyes from the crucifix, which he took for a bad omen of the patient's faith, and being determined to clear up at last, his suspicions, he told him to kiss the crucifix.—*That I never could*, answered Watteaux, *for 'tis so ill made, that I am quite in a rage, with the sculptor.*—He expired a few minutes after.

Voltaire used to say of this artist, *C'est le plus mauvais peintre que J'aie vu en grand, et le meilleur que J'aie vu en petit.* He is the worst painter I have seen in large, and the best in small.

Watteaux had commenced as a portrait painter, in which line he did not continue long, for want of success,

though he made an excellent portrait of Pelisson with the spider.

Pelisson was a writer, who having given offence to government, was thrown into a cell of the Bastille, where, as was usual during the reign of Lewis the 14th, the prisoners were debarred the visits of their friends, and lived on bread and water, without the comfort of any book whatever, pen, ink, &c.

Watteaux. After a few months of confinement, life was become insupportable to Pelisson, till at last he got acquainted with a spider, which he had rendered familiar, by frequently giving crumbs of bread to the insect, which used to spin down as soon as he was at his meals.

From that period, Pelisson's sufferings were in some degree softened, as the care of his spider, was to him both an employ and an amusement: he considered that he was no longer alone, and found comfort in that thought.

It however happened one day, that the gaoler brought the bread and water later than usual, and he was still in the

cell, when the spider spun down; immediately Pelisson threw it a few crumbs, but the sight highly offended the gaoler, who loaded the prisoner with reproaches for so vile an amusement, as he called it, and with one of those large keys he was holding in his hand, he unmercifully killed the poor insect, which for the first time, made Pelisson shed tears.

This picture is known by the name of *Le Bal de Watteaux*, after an engraving which is in the port folio of every print collector. *Watteaux.*

On a beautiful spot embellished with trees and a water spout, a superb structure supported by pillars, and ornamented with marble statues is divided into arches, opening to an extensive view; in the centre, between four columns, a splendid buffet is covered with fruits and wines, and decorated with silver vases.

About seventy figures are assembled on the lawn, comprizing ladies, gentlemen, musicians and children.

The dancers are in the first division on the right, and the musicians are

ranged on an ampitheatre, in the opposite; more retired and surrounding the refreshments, are the rest of the company, some standing, and others seated and the whole offers a *coup d'œil* truly enchanting.

Surprized some years ago, to find but few pictures of this master, in English collections, we asked Sir Joshua Reynolds whether the collectors of this country rejected them! "I wish, (replied he) "it was so, and that they "would let me have them, for Watteaux. "teaux is a master I adore. He unites "in his small figures, correct drawing, "the spirited touch of Velasquez, with "the colouring of the Venetian school; "but, (added Sir Joshua) Watteaux is little known to us; his works being extremely dear on the Continent, the "brokers and dealers bring us over "copies of his pictures, or those of his "imitators Lancret and Paterre, which "they impose upon us as originals."

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 69.

The Marriage.

In a fine landscape, executed quite in the manner of the Venetian artists, Watteaux offers here a composition of fifty-six figures, in varied attitudes, and all painted with astonishing spirit. *Watteaux.*

Towards the centre of the picture, a large piece of red drapery, upon which hangs a crown of flowers, is suspended between two trees, behind the young bride who is seated at a round table, with her lover by her side. The notary is also occupied in drawing up the contract, and on the right, as well as on the left, their friends are diverting themselves, some sitting on the grass, and others dancing to the sound of a viol and bagpipe.

Watteaux has painted himself in a corner of the picture, with his children and his friend Rysbrack.

ON CANVAS.

DOMINICK SERRES, born at Angle, about the year 1720.

No. 70.

A Sea Piece.

This is one of the most delicate works, that we have seen of this master, who has written himself the following inscription on the back of the picture:—

"*D. Serres, Bath*, 1788. *Lord Rodney carrying the Ville de Paris into Port Royal, Jamaica.*"

ON CANVAS.

JOSEPH VERNET, born in France, 1710.

No. 71.

Landscape with the View of a Setting Sun.

If there is an artist at times unequal to himself, it is Vernet who sometimes

offers us productions near to Claude, and sometimes such as rank him among landscape painters of the greatest mediocrity. His misfortune was similar to that of Zuccarelli, for quitting Italy, where by painting small pictures, he had acquired a brilliant reputation which he did not sustain when he returned to France, for there, he began to lose the true taste of colouring, and the perpetual adulations of his countrymen, made him believe himself capable of whatever was most difficult in the art:—from that period, he would seldom paint any but large pictures, without considering that the touch must then be different from that of small ones, and that he who excels in the one, often fails in the other. *Vernet.*

However, as the reputation of Vernet was established, he was so fortunate as to enjoy it for a long time, and with the continual praises of a people who had then a vitiated taste of colouring, he received the same honours for his bad

as for his good works—those even of his latter days, have brought incredible sums.

But now that he is no more, the veil is fallen off, and for some years that his works have undergone a more just scrutiny, his large pictures are reduced to the value of oiled cloth, fit only to be walked upon; whilst his easel pictures, and his fine productions of Italy, will rank his name amongst those of great masters.

Vernet. This offers us a composition of seventeen figures, and upon the foreground a large river which loses itself in the distance, where we distinguish a bridge over it, and a town to the left.

The river is covered with small vessels, boats of fishermen, and a ferry boat; also to the left, upon a piece of ground which advances some way in the river, are trees of the finest forms, and of the brightest leafage; whilst to the right, on the fore-ground, the picture is embellished with fishermen and wo-

men coming with baskets, to carry away the fish.

On the other side of the river, to the right, is a chain of mountains, on the summit of which we discover a piece of architecture, and from the centre of those mountains, gushes a cascade, the noise of which we seem to hear as is falls foaming into the river.

Towards the centre of the picture, the setting sun is seen reflecting it's last rays on the limpid flood, through that warm and light vapour which envelopes it towards the end of a brilliant and peaceable career. *Vernet.*

ON CANVAS.

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A

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1802.

ASHMOLEAN
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German School.

REMBRANDT, born at Leyden, 1606.

No. 72.

Jacob's Dream.

We are surprized that the Rev. Mr. Pilkington, who mentioned Rembrandt in his account of painters, should have omitted the most interesting details of the life of this artist, whose conduct was a perfect image of his pictures---a complication of wisdom and folly---a strange mixture of œconomy and prodigality.

He was the son of a miller in easy circumstances, and quitted his father's mill early, for the advancement of his education. It has been asserted that he neither knew how to read or write, which is however, a false and unaccountable prejudice, for after having learnt those first elements, he was placed at Leyden to study Latin. He was afterwards five years, with two different

painters, under whom his progress was rapid, and turning his thoughts to his fortune, he established himself at Amsterdam, where he married, and soon amassed a considerable sum of money, by means of his pictures and the engravings he made, as well as by his pupils, who used to pay him large pre-
Rembrandt. miums for his instructions; besides which, he always took care to re-touch the copies they made of his works, and then sold them as if entirely his own productions.

He was sometimes so capricious, that being once employed in painting the portraits of a whole family, in a large picture, he took a fancy to introduce his monkey and cat into it; and as those objects were unpleasant, his employers requested him to efface them, but rather than consent to do so, he kept the performance.

His avarice was such, that he employed his own son to sell his prints, as if he had stolen them, so that many would be glad to purchase, in the idea

that a thief always sells under value: and his pupils were so well acquainted with his greediness, that they frequently amused themselves in deceiving Rembrandt, by placing in his way, cards painted and in the shape of money, which he always caught at with avidity.

At one time, having on his hands, a considerable number of his own pictures, and copies of his pupils, re-touched by him, as well as several port-folios of prints and designs, he determined on disposing of them by public sale, but being aware that the works of an artist never sell well in his life time, he set out on a short journey, and procured a letter to be written to his wife, that he had caught a fever which had suddently carried him off; and of his having given orders, shortly before his death, that every thing, except his household furniture, should be sold. *Rembrandt.*

His afflicted widow was immediately in mourning, and conformably to the last directions of her departed husband, made a sale by auction, which was no

sooner over, than Rembrandt returns, surprizes and causes laughter through the town of Amsterdam.

At length by a singular revolution, this artist from the most rigid œconomy, became as prodigal as he was before the opposite, and being in the habit of frequenting auctions, his biddings for the drawings of the old masters, were so high, that no one dared oppose him. His conduct was the same with respect to his own prints, which he always bought up that they might be scarce. He was at last however, reduced to such a state, as to become a bankrupt, and fled from Amsterdam to the service of the King of Sweden, who continued long to employ him.

Rembrandt.

When we behold in the work before us, the angels descending the ladder, and Jacob asleep in modern dress, we cannot help lamenting that Rembrandt had never studied the antique costume; but as some men will unite the greatest imperfections with the greatest virtues, so has this astonishing artist made up

for his defects, by the most exquisite beauties which are in this cabinet picture, for it is impossible not to be struck with the singular force of colouring which reigns through the whole, and not to admire the magic hand which has traced that mysterious ladder, and which by creating an immense volume of air, has created an immense distance from the earth to the sky, and a landscape of many miles in the compass of about two feet.

ON CANVAS.

HANS HOLBEIN, born at Leyden, 1606.

No. 73.

Portrait of a Man.

We are ignorant who is the person this picture represents, but it is one of the fine productions of the master.

ON PANNEL.

JOHN LINGLEBACH, born at Frankfort, 1693.

No. 74.

The Fortune Teller.

This artist passed part of his days in Italy, where formerly, from the hardness of the German language, which contrasts so strongly with the softness of the Italian, they entertained a prejudice that the Germans had little or no feeling.

While Linglebach was at Rome, a chair-woman, who used to come to his lodgings every morning for his household work, had once during his absence, and in arranging his painting-room, the misfortune of knocking down from his easel, a picture he was about finishing; however it fell flat on the floor, and received no other injury than that of a little dust having stuck to the paint, which did not alarm the servant, as she had frequently seen her master wash off with a spunge, the dust from pictures he had formerly painted.

She immediately fetched one, and after dipping it in water, rubbed this, whose colours went off in the twinkling of an eye; and at that moment returns her German master who, to his maid's surprize, without making her the least reproach, sat calmly to work and repaired the picture.

That which is called the *Fortune Teller*, is most highly finished and of a firm execution. It represents a view in Rome, on the right of which, are a fine edifice and three marble pillars, part of which is hidden by a terrace, and below, on a bench, is seated a youth of about fourteen, to whom a gypsey is telling his fortune, whilst an old man who sits on the ground, is listening and looking at them. *Linglebach.*

On the left of the figure are some fragments of broken columns, and on the second ground, two men, a woman and a child are reposing upon steps leading to a palace, opposite to which is an equestrian statue.

ON CANVAS.

ADRIAN OSTADE, born at Lubeck, 1610.

No. 75.

The Interior of a Room, with Figures.

This master began his career, by painting in the style of Teniers, of which however, his friend Brouwer soon dissuaded him. We have seen at the Hague, one of his early works in that manner, full of merit; it represents a maid scouring and washing pots at the door of a public-house, while the landlord is at the window, holding a mug of beer. Under the picture is written

Signa mihi certæ pocula lætitiæ.

The attention in this, is first attracted by a corpulent Dutchman about sixty years of age, dressed in blue and yellow, with a slouched hat, and leaning with his elbow, on the frame of an open window, through which we see a beautiful landscape. He is seated with a pipe in his hand, conversing with a woman who sits

also nearly opposite to him, dressed in a red corset and a white old-fashioned bonnet. She holds a jug and a glass into which she has poured some beer, which she is going to drink.

This exquisite little picture has always passed for one of the finest productions of Adrian Ostade.

ON PANNEL.

ISAAC OSTADE, born at Lubeck, 1617.

No. 76.

A Landscape with Figures.

The astonishing effect of this singular cabinet picture, is produced by the most exquisite colouring. A Dutch gentleman and his lady, attended by a page, are taking a walk, and on the declivity of a hill crowned with trees, a beggar is asking charity. He is seated with his dog, and barefooted, with a red cap on his head, and his hat ex-
tended

A cart, filled with people, appears to be driving towards a distant village, the steeple of which, is seen finely detached from a sky lowering with rain.

The works of Isaac Ostade are but little known in this country, where they attribute to him such trash, such paltry imitations, that were his fame not so well established, it might suffer by it. On the Continent his works are sought for with the greatest avidity, and are every where as dear as they are scarce.

I. Ostade.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 77.

The Interior of a Village.

The right of this, presents a view of an open country, from whence are seen returning to a village, a man and a woman with cows, goats and sheep; the woman carries a bundle in her hand, and the man a basket upon his back.

On extending our view farther, we find old houses covered with straw; the first, an inn, is surrounded with trees, and the most considerable is on the left. Behind it, is also seen the steeple of the church; a woman is at work at the door of this house, towards which a young man seems running; and there is another standing between some trees, and looking upon the road. *I. Ostade.*

The fore-ground of the picture, is covered with moss, herbs and leaves, some green, others tinged with yellow, which has a most piquant effect; and the whole together presents the truest image of simple and rustic nature.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 78.

Dutch Boors Merry-making.

The composition presents ten figures. In the interior of a rustic room; in the

middle of the picture, near a table which is in the centre of the room, is seen an old Dutch woman of great corpulency, seated upon, or rather in an old basket, the cover of which has sunk down under her; she is speaking to a peasant, whose hand she presses in her's with tenderness, whilst in the other she holds a pot of beer.

I. Ostade.

On the other side, a woman is leaning on the table, with a glass in her hand, while a young man is standing behind; her husband is sitting near, with a jug of beer between his legs, and one of his arms resting on the back of a child's chair: these three are laughing at the amorous scene which passes before them.

Behind them, a man mounted on a bench, is tuning his violin; whilst to the right, a little boy lying down on a bench is playing with a dog; and on the same side, sitting down round a fire, are three men warming themselves.

ON PANNEL.

FRANCIS PAUL FERG, born at Vienna, 1689.

No. 79.

Two small Landscapes with Figures.

It is well known that this artist died in London in the greatest misery, and wanting bread. Those of our cotemporaries who have mentioned him, have attributed his misfortunes to ill conduct and an indiscreet marriage, which however was not the case.

On his arrival here from Germany, Ferg earned a comfortable subsistence by his works, and having become attached to a poor but virtuous girl, he married her, and they lived together esteemed by all who knew them.

As the artist was one day, taking into the city, some small pictures painted on copper, which he had put into his pocket, a tile blown by the wind, from the roof of a house, fell on his head, and he was carried to his lodgings, insensible and in a doubtful state;

he however recovered his health, but was never capable of painting afterwards, as his head frequently failed him.

We owe the above anecdote to Mr. Labre, who lived in the same house with Ferg, and King Theodore of Corsica, whose fate was hardly more happy than the artist's.

Ferg. They are the smallest pictures of this master, we ever recollect to have seen, and are painted with surprizing spirit and delicacy. One represents a cluster of trees on the right, and a man with his dog, on a rising ground, whilst another mounted on a white horse, rides in a highway, running through the centre of the picture; several trees ornament the left side, and distant mountains from the back-ground.

The other is composed of several figures, in the fore-ground and centre, amongst which is a man on horseback who appears to have stopped out of curiosity. A finely executed tree rises on the right with a woman seated at

it's foot. A monument is raised on the left, and several trees backed by mountains, form the retired parts of the picture.

ON CANVAS.

HENRY FUSELI, Esq.

Born in one of the German Swiss Cantons.

No. 80.

Prince Arthur's Vision.

Vide Spencer's Fairy Queen.

This fine work offers a composition of six figures. In it are seen Prince Arthur covered with his armour, and asleep, and the Fairies who present themselves to him in his dream.

The whole is painted with uncommon spirit, and most beautifully coloured.

ON CANVAS.

PHILIP JAMES DE LOUTHERBOURG, Esq.

Born at Basle.

No. 81.

A Battle between the Russians and Turks.

This *chef d'œuvre* of art, is too well known to need any description; it was painted for Catherine the Second, Empress of Russia, to whom it was not sent for reasons unknown to us. We made the purchase of it, about twenty years ago, and have put the picture into this collection, at the desire of the King of Poland.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 82.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

This picture, which is of an exquisite execution, represents the view of a

beautiful country, in one of those fine summer days, in which we are sometimes unexpectedly surprized by a storm.

The right of the picture, is occupied by three cows, two of which are lying down, whilst the other is standing under a tree, to shelter herself from the rain which begins to fall: a fourth cow, spotted yellow and white, on this side, towards the middle of the picture, is also standing near her calf which is lying down. *Loutherbourg*

The obscurity of the sky and agitation of the trees, upon which the wind blows with fury, announces the violence of the storm. Upon the right of the picture, a young girl is thrown down by the wind, with a basket of eggs she was carrying, and they are scattered on the grass, whilst a man, whose hat is carried away by the wind, assists to raise her. On the second ground, a lady mounted upon a white horse, accompanied by a gentleman, is riding with great speed, followed by a servant and a dog out of breath.

On the third ground, we distinguish an edifice and some trees, but the rain and obscurity permit not the eye to penetrate into the distance.

ON CANVAS.

Flemish School.

Sir PETER PAUL RUBENS, born at Cologne, 1577.

No. 83.

Saint Ignatius.

Although Rubens was born at Cologne, where his father and mother, inhabitants of Antwerp, had gone for a short time, he has always been ranked in the Flemish school. He ended his days in that city, where he was buried in St. James's church, in a chapel behind the choir. On his tomb are the following lines:—

Ipsa suos Iris, dedit ipsa Aurora colores.
Nox umbras, Titan, lumina clara tibi.
Das tu, Rubenius, vitam mentemque figuris,
Et per te vivit, lumen et umbra color.
Quid te, Rubeni, nigro mors funere volvit?
Vivit, victa tuo, picta colore rubet.

We present in this, one of the most capital performances of that great master, which he executed for the church

of the Jesuits at Antwerp, where it remained 'till the suppression of their order.

St. Ignatius, according to the Legend, was born in the castle of Loyola, in the province of Biscay, about the year 1491, and sent by his parents, at a very early age, to the Spanish court, as page to Ferdinand the Fifth; but his high mind and independent spirit, soon induced him to quit that situation, and enter himself into the army. *Rubens.*

Gaming was not among his vices, but a warm votary to pleasures, he was following them with an eagerness usual at his age, when an accident occurred which induced him to forsake them for ever.

The French, at that time at war with Spain, attacked Pampeluna, where St. Ignatius was then in garrison. The siege was carried on with ardour, and St. Ignatius was not only wounded in his left leg, but his right was broken by a ball. In this state he was carried to Loyola, in the environs, and the wa-

house of the fever which followed in consequence, reduced him beyond hopes of recovery.

He lay at the last extremity, on the eve of the feast of St. Peter the prince of apostles; and as Ignatius had always held that saint in the highest veneration, on the very day of the feast, the fever left him; but as St. Peter had only cured him of the fever, without restoring to him the use of his legs, he was obliged to remain in the castle. *Rubens.*

The unskilfulness of the surgeon under whose care he was, gave him reason to fear he should be lame for life, the fractured bone having been ill set, to avoid which he determined on breaking it a second time, so as to have it properly set; he always however continued a cripple.

Confined to his room for so long a period, Ignatius had recourse to reading to amuse his time, but there being neither novels or romances at Loyola, he was obliged to read the lives of Saints, a work which affected him to

such a degree, that he resolved to do penance, and to become a Saint himself, by travelling to the Holy Land, barefooted and mourning in sackcloth; he was then about thirty years of age.

As soon as his health permitted, he set out on his journey, in spite of the opposition and intreaties of his elder brother and his friends, and he repaired to Mount Serrat, a place celebrated for the resort of Pilgrims, where he stripped himself of his clothes, which he gave to a poor mendicant, put on sackcloth and procured a bag suitable to the vocation he had adopted; then fastening round his body, an enormous chain, he paraded the town in his new attire, mocked and insulted by the inhabitants and passengers.

Rubens.

St. Ignatius perceiving that he had been looked upon as a madman, rejoiced at it, and affected to be so in the extreme, hoping that groups of children would gather and throw stones and mud at him, that his mortification might be the greater. The earth

was the only bed he indulged himself with; he knelt for seven hours daily, drank nothing but water, and eat the bread which he procured by begging from door to door, and he was either by himself or others, flogged three times every day.

He at length accomplished his vow of reaching the Holy Land, and on his return, he travelled with St. Francis Xavenius, to Rome, where he entered into holy orders, and founded the Society of Jesuits; he preached much, underwent many persecutions, accomplished surprizing miracles, and died at the age of sixty-nine. He was painted by Pope Gregory the Fifteenth, at the pressing solicitations of the Emperor, the Kings of Spain and France, and many other Princes. *Rubens.*

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 84.

Saint Barbara.

St. Barbara is in the centre of the picture, ascending the leads of the fatal tower in which she is to be sacrificed. She is dressed in blue and purple, and her light drapery and beautiful flaxen hair float in the wind.

Her right arm is extended, and she holds in her left hand the palm of martyrdom, which in turning, she appears to shew in triumph to her executioner who is immediately following her. He is dressed in red and green, a turban on his head, armed with a drawn sword in one hand, and his other uplifted with violence and visible impatience to seize his victim.

Rubens.

Many pictures said to be of Rubens, are as much the work of his pupils as of himself, particularly large historical pictures; the small cabinet ones are generally of his own pencil.

BY THE SAME.

No. 85.

The Angel Gabriel.

The figure is as large as life, in a drapery of light green silk and white muslin. The angel descends from heaven as the messenger of peace, holding a palm branch in his right hand, and a wreath of olive in the other. *Rubens.*

It is well known that this picture is also solely by the pencil of Rubens. It was painted for the Jesuits' church at Antwerp, where it continued for a considerable period of time.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 86.

The Tribute Money.

"Jesus said unto him, (Peter) go thou to the sea, "and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first "cometh up, and when thou hast opened his mouth, "thou shalt find a piece of money."

St. Matthew, chap. xvii. v. 26, 27.

The composition of this picture, is of seven figures as large as life. On the sea-shore which is scattered with shells, the disciples are standing, except Peter, who is seen in profile, in the fore-part of the picture; he seems to have just drawn the net, and continues on his knee, on the ground, his head turned to look at the piece of money which one of the disciples has just taken out of the fish he holds in his left hand. The blue drapery in which this last is clad, has partly fallen from his shoulders, so that part of his body is uncovered; behind him a young woman dressed in red, carrying a basket of fish, on her head, stops through curiosity.

Rubens.

In the mean time the other disciples are eagerly pressing forward, to examine the coin, and manifest equal admiration and surprize at the new miracle wrought by our Saviour.

We plainly recognize the portrait of Rubens in the second figure, on the right hand, but we cannot refrain from regreting that this great artist permitted

his pupils to share so largely in his works of this size; therefore notwithstanding the rich colouring and imposing composition of this, we frankly confess that we do not consider it as entirely the production of Rubens's pencil. *Rubens.*

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 87.

A large Landscape, with two Rainbows, Cattle, and Figures.

It is universally acknowledged that this master was equal to Titian in landscape painting, but it is impossible to behold the extraordinary performance before us, without acknowledging also that in this line, Rubens has made Titian his model, for the major part of it, recals to our mind, the Prince of the Venetian school, and proves to us that without becoming a servile imitator, an

[illegible] by the works of an-[illegible] whose taste he imitates by accu-[illegible] observations, and whose beauties he [illegible] by study in a style and [illegible] peculiarly his own, owing to which we [illegible] in this performance, the combined powers of two very [illegible] artists.

[illegible] the right of the picture is seen a [illegible] here and there with trees, [illegible] on the summit; most of [illegible] are in the distance, and others [illegible] of their leaves and [illegible] by the wind and the hatchet.

[illegible] the same side is seen towards the [illegible] of the picture, a rivulet over [illegible] a bridge, and on this side is [illegible] resting on the flute, a shep-[illegible] attended by two cows and a large [illegible].

[illegible] presents a rich pasture of [illegible] and mountains be-[illegible] which on the left, and on this [illegible] are some young trees and an [illegible] shooting out fresh [illegible] and the root of which is dis-

covered in parts, from apertures; the light of the sun strikes on one side of the sky, whilst the other announces rain, and presents two rainbows.

There is a fine print taken from this picture, called *the Two Rainbows of Rubens*. It comes from the cabinet of Prince Rupert. *Rubens.*

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 88.

A Portrait.

We know not from what cause, but almost every female portrait of this master's hand, is misnamed and called the wife of Rubens who was never married but twice. If it happens that the picture is not like Helena his first, 'tis then called his second wife, and if it resembles neither, they will have it that it is Rubens's third, fourth, or fifth wife. It was under that denomination

this was sold us, although it is the portrait of Mary de Medicis, Queen to Henry the Fourth of France, and mother to Lewis the Thirteenth.

That princess being endowed with a refined and exquisite taste, was friendly to the fine arts, and became the patroness of Rubens, who by her order, executed all those grand works which are in the Luxembourg palace at Paris.

Rubens. She is seen half-length, as large as life, and full face; her head is adorned with a diadem of precious stones, with large pearls in her ears;—she is dressed in the fashion of the sixteenth century, when they wore those large puckered sleeves which gave an air of grandeur to women, and added still to their charms, by that raised ruff which left part of the bosom uncovered.

She has on her neck, a row of pearls, and two others fastened below her shoulders, falling with elegance on her breast—in her bosom is seen a rose of the most precious stones, and her girdle is of the like jewels intermixed with

pearls. She holds a fan in her hand, and there is on her countenance, a smile of benignity.

A crimson curtain is in the back-ground of this superb work, painted with the chastest colours that ever came from the palette of this great master.

ON PANNEL.

Sir ANTHONY VANDYCK, born at Antwerp, 1599.

No. 89.

The Assumption.

Authors differ in opinion, concerning this event, for some pretend that the Virgin Mary has never paid the last tribute to nature, but was carried alive by angels, to heaven. Others will have it, that after her decease, she was brought by the surviving disciples of our Saviour, to a tomb where the three Marys repaired with flowers and perfumes, when on a sudden the Madona

revived and was carried away on a cloud which descended to the foot of the tomb, and it is in conformity to the last opinion, that the subject before us, is treated.

We are told that this picture was in the celebrated collection of Chevalier Verelst, commonly called *le malade imaginaire de Bruxelles*, who attributed it to Rubens; and there is so much of that great master's colouring, in the performance, that we are not surprized at the mistake.

Vandyck.

But the fact is, that the whole is by the hand of Vandyck, when he was in the school of Rubens, for in as much as we are sure that it was not painted by Rubens, we say with equal certainty, that it is not the work of any other of his disciples, with whose taste and penciling we are well acquainted.

The picture is composed of fourteen figures. Upon the fore-ground is a tomb, around which are the three Marys and the disciples of our Lord, amongst whom it is easy to distinguish

St. John, as being much younger than the others. They are arranging the flowers upon the winding sheet, with which they intend to wrap the body of the blessed Virgin, when all at once, it was carried away.

The Marys, and those of the disciples who are nearest the tomb, being occupied, do not at first perceive it: those who are behind, first witness this great event, and in the moment of their surprize, we see them extending their arms towards the Madona, who already surrounded with angels and cherubins, goes distinguished from other mortals, to enjoy in body and soul, celestial happiness. *Vandyck.*

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 90.

A Holy Family.

It is universally known that Vandyck possessed even in his youth, those ta-

lents which are requisite for historical painting, and in which he so highly distinguished himself, that Rubens apprehensive of finding a formidable rival in him, persuaded his pupil to devote himself to portrait painting, as a sure road to riches and reputation.

Vandyck.

Notwithstanding Vandyck was still very young, he was frequently solicited to paint for different convents and churches, and an adventure that happened to him, furnished Rubens with the opportunity of disgusting him with historical painting.

Vandyck had been engaged in an abbey near Brussels, to paint a *Descent from the Cross*, for the great altar-piece of the church, which, owing to his love of the art, and thirst after reputation, he executed in a most masterly manner. The monks however, did not approve of the picture; nothing is so difficult as to please the idle and ignorant. The abbot and the greatest number of the monks, criticized the finest parts of the performance, and concluded by offering the artist half of the stipulated price.

Vandyck piqued carried off the picture, and retired to his friends at Antwerp, but in a short time it was known at the abbey, that some artists and the best judges of the art, considered the Descent from the Cross as a *chef d'œuvre*, and worth more than ten times the sum they were to have paid for it, upon which the monks sent to the painter for the picture, which he refused, and it was soon after purchased by the King of Spain. *Vandyck.*

However, he did not immediately quit historical subjects, as he painted after, for the parish church of a village near Ghent, a Holy Family which has also drawn the admiration of every one. Vandyck during his residence in England, married the daughter of Lord Ruthen, Earl Gorre; but he was at that time, in love with another woman, whose portrait he inserted in that performance, and it is the sketch of it, that is here offered to the public.

Near a pillar, on an elevation, in the centre of the picture, the Virgin dressed

in red with a blue drapery, is sitting and holding the Infant Jesus on her knee, on which he is standing, with one of his arms thrown round her neck; two angels are descending from heaven, bearing him a crown, and St. Joseph dressed in yellow, is standing on the right, leaning on his stick, whilst on the left of the picture, St. Francis and another young brother of his order, are rendering homage to the Infant Jesus.

Vandyck

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 91.

Portrait of himself.

When this artist, at the instance of Charles the First, came to London, he was accommodated with apartments at Blackfriars, and a house was given him near Gravesend, for his relaxation and the reception of his friends. It was from thence that this picture came, after

having remained incorporated there in the partition, over the chimney of the saloon, till the house, after repeated repairs, was some years since, demolished, the foundation having given way. Mr. Woolmer, to whom we are indebted for this anecdote, then became the possessor of it, and we purchased the same from him, to enrich this collection.

After the many likenesses and the different engravings of Vandyck, we have no hesitation in asserting this to be also his portrait, nor does the fire and the spirit with which it is executed, permit a doubt of it's being of his own hand; it is besides in the attitude of an artist studying from the looking glass. *Vandyck.*

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 92.

Venus arriving to the relief of Adonis.

It is at the moment when Mars jealous of his successful rival Adonis,

wounds him at the chase, under the form of a wild boar. Venus alarmed by his cries, darts from heaven, on a cloud, but arrives too late; inflexible fate! the cruel Atropos has cut his thread of life.

Vandyck. Vandyck had quitted the school of Rubens, and no longer painted in his manner, when this cabinet picture was executed.

In the fore-ground, the young hunter lies naked, and extended on a blue drapery, one end of which conceals the wound he has received, and his horn lies at his side.

On his right, is the goddess dressed in red, with a light yellow drapery floating in the air; she is kneeling, her hands and eyes raised towards heaven, supplicating the gods to restore her unfortunate lover to life.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 93.

Portraits of
Lord Stafford and Bishop Laud,
in one picture.

Vandyck.

Lord Stafford is to the right of the picture, his head uncovered, dressed in black, and decorated with the order of the garter; Bishop Laud has on, the square cap and his sacerdotal habits.

These figures are in small, but we should mention that we have put the picture under Vandyck's name, because it is in his style, and don't know any other we could attribute it to; we are certain of it's being an original, or we should not have purchased it; but we cannot say positively that this is the work of Vandyck, as we never have seen any of his portraits, in so small a size.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 94.

Portrait of the Reverend Mother of a Nunnery.

Vandyck.

It was customary in friaries, as well as nunneries, to have in a room appropriated to that purpose, the portraits of their superiors; so that as soon as a monk or sister nun was elected such, they used to sit for their pictures; and of course, on the suppression of so many monasteries in France and Flanders, many of those portraits have been circulated through Europe. The superior of an abbey, was called the lady abbess, and wore a golden cross; those of the convents were called reverend mothers.

This is a superior of the Franciscan order, which was divided into three classes of nuns, the black, grey, and white; she is painted in full face, dres-

sed in a black gown and veil, with a white lappet on her breast; a cord of discipline, is tied round her waist; and she holds in one of her hands, which are remarkably fine, the lower end of her veil. This picture is engraved.

ON CANVAS.

DAVID TENIERS, born at Antwerp, 1610.

No. 95.

A Landscape with Figures.

Such was the admiration with which Sir Joshua Reynolds beheld the works of this artist, that he was accustomed to say, *however great Raphael may have been, the world will perhaps one day, see such another, but it will never behold a second Teniers.*

This is the celebrated work of Teniers so well known, under the name of *the Column*, given to it on account of that column being a prominent object in the picture. It is erected, to shew the

boundary of the territory of Antwerp, bordering on that of Ghent, having separate jurisdictions; the letters SPQA are engraven on the column.

Twenty-two figures form the composition, four of whom are placed forwards, near the monument, which is to the left. More retired there is a group near a thatched cottage, and the body of the picture is made up by figures which are dancing and otherwise amusing themselves.

Teniers.

The back-ground is filled up by other small figures. A village church, some cottages and trees are finely detached from an enchanting sky.

This was formerly in the collection of Duke de Valentinois, and it unites all the powers of Teniers, transparent colouring, an electric touch, with a composition as interesting as it is varied; and the figures are painted with that ease and spirit which his imitators have never been able even distantly to arrive at.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 96.

The Four Seasons.

We have seen offered to the public, other small pictures of these subjects, which in truth, were not copies, but that have been attributed very unjustly to young Teniers, by those who having but a superficial knowledge of the art and of masters, are subject, from a resemblance of style, to confound his works with those of his father, known upon the Continent by the name of *old Teniers.* *Teniers.*

The true judges of painting, easily see, in spite of the style, the difference between the pictures of the father and son, and how much young Teniers has surpassed the other in works which unite in a degree of finesse and perfection, all that is most piquant. We present these as the original pictures mentioned in the

works of Teniers, and from which the engravings have been made.

The first represents the spring, under the figure of a gardener, who is carrying in a pot of earth, an orange tree in flower; at a distance is seen a building in a parterre, where other gardeners are at work.

Teniers. The second offers us, summer under the figure of a reaper, who holds a scythe; and the distance, a field of corn, where numbers of men and women are gathering in the harvest.

The third, to represent autumn, is a man near a few barrels, upon which are some grapes. He is crowned with vine leaves, a bottle of new wine in one hand, and a glass in the other: at a distance is a vineyard, where men are gathering grapes.

The fourth, as winter, shews us an old man, suffering from cold in a country where the snow is falling. He is dressed in fur, leaning with one hand, upon his stick, and holding in the other, a foot stove. On one side are men

skaiting; and at a distance, a village covered with snow.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 97.

A Landscape with Figures.

The scene represents a rugged mountainous country; in the centre of it, is a cross erected in memory of some unfortunate man murdered near the spot; there are some figures, and in a bye-road in the fore-part of the picture, a robber is attacking a passing traveller, whose dog runs on before him. *Teniers.*

The colouring and effect are of that style which has stamped the name of Teniers with the celebrity he enjoys.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 98.

The Sports of the Crescent.

This work offers a grand and fine composition of thirty-two figures sur-

rounding a public-house in a village, to which hangs the sign of *the crescent.*

There, are assembled together a number of Flemish peasants, on one of those Sunday afternoons, where according to the custom of their country, they adjourn from the church to the public house.---On the right, close to the house, is seen a group of men and women, sitting at a table, drinking, and eating ham, whilst those who are within, are looking at them from the windows---
Teniers. others stand at the door, drinking and conversing together, while the maid is going in; and towards the centre of the picture, another group are diverting themselves, and drinking, seated round a tree, at the foot of which, a peasant intoxicated, lies asleep.

The fore-ground presents a bowling-green surrounded with benches, pots and barrels, where are the players and spectators.

To the left, on the second ground, is a piece of water, with ducks swimming, and a small house covered with thatch,

near which a young man seems courting a girl.

On the third ground, also to the left, we discover an excellent piece of landscape, with a man driving cows near some houses, perfectly detached from a most lovely piquant and silvery sky.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 99.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

The sandy fore-ground of this picture, is divided by a limpid, silvery stream that runs across.

The right presents a bank covered with trees, and on the left, a peasant is advancing, bending under the weight of a sack which he carries, supported by his stick, whilst his dog frisking before him, seems to turn, to reproach his master for the slowness of his pace. *Teniers.*

The next prominent objects are a shepherd collecting his scattered flock;

and at a short distance from him, two men who seem to meet by accident, are in conversation together.

The second ground, towards the right, represents a village, the residence of the inhabitants of the Canton, and the high road conducting to it; and far retired, another village is distinguishable.

Teniers. A pure and silvery sky, perfectly in unison with the other parts, contributes to render this, one of the most desirable productions of Teniers's pencil.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME;

No. 100.

A Descent from the Cross.

Very few amongst us, are unacquainted with the superior talents of Teniers, in the different lines of landscape, cattle, conversations, pastorals, sea views, or the amusements of cottagers, but his

historical pictures, in which his abilities shone with equal lustre, though well known to connoisseurs, are too scarce to have afforded an universal knowledge of them.

The present work was done by Teniers, evidently in the style of Paul Veronese, and we call on the warmest partizans of the Venetian school, to say whether Veronese himself ever excelled it, when in fact all the requisite qualities for an historical picture, are united in this. *Teniers.*

Our Saviour, borne by Joseph of Arimathea, is laid on the lap of the virgin, who has swooned away, and fallen into the arms of the faithful disciple John, and of one of the holy women near him. Mary Magdalen has thrown herself at the feet of Christ, which she embraces with a mixture of grief and respectful tenderness, while the other Mary appears dissolved in tears.

Such is the expression of the figures, and so much truth pervades the whole, that the incredulous atheist himself

must feel moved at the sight of it. But amidst the poignant sorrows which the picture recals, it offers a kind of consolation, by reminding us that at the worst stage of the world, when people were so cruel and unjust, a few at least have commiserated and served to the last, the only good and spotless man.

Teniers.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 101.

A Landscape with Figures.

In this picture, nature seems renovated by one of those fine days of autumn, when the silvery, azure sky, and pure air allow us to see the distant fall of a shower.

We view a pretty country house, surrounded by trees, the entrance of which is across a bridge, thrown over a stream, clear as crystal, reflecting the building and the sky, which heightens it's tints to silver.

In the centre, a majestic oak spreads it's wide extended branches, inviting the passing weary traveller to repose, while on the right, and immediately in the foreground, is seen the owner of the mansion, returning from an airing with his greyhound.

He is dressed in scarlet, edged with fur, and his hat is ornamented with a plume of black feathers. He has stopped to speak to some gypsies, the oldest of whom, having laid on the ground her stick, and a basket of wares, is telling him his fortune, while two other gypsies, the youngest an infant, wait behind, expecting her return. *Teniers.*

In the mean time, the hag, whose dress and features recall Hecate to our mind, has laid her grasp on the young man's hand, and examining it's lines, with seeming attention, is predicting with an air of mystery, all that will befall him.

The other objects, and likewise to the right, are figures with thatched houses

thrown into the back-ground. A rising mist forms a beautiful contrast to the silvery sky, and gives warning of an approaching shower, which appears to have already begun in the distance.

ON CANVAS.

JAMES JORDAENS, born at Antwerp, 1594.

No. 102.

The Basket of Grapes.

Jordaens, when very young, was intended for the church, by his father, a silversmith of Antwerp, who had a large family; because one of his uncles, possessed of a good living, had promised to resign in his favour; and accordingly he was sent to the grammar school; but after he had been there two years, the masters took it into their heads, to make the boys perform a play, as it was their custom to treat now and then, the city of Antwerp, with some passage taken from the scripture.

The passion was the subject of this, and the part of Pilate's wife was given to young Jordaens, who however declined it, because he would not be dressed in woman's clothes; on which the part of St. Peter, was given him, and after the scholars had learnt by heart, and frequently rehearsed the whole, it was publicly performed.

The play went on well, in the beginning, and till the latter end of the third act, when St. Peter, who was to have *Jordaens.* given a sham cut to Malchus's ear, either through clumsiness or some other accident, effectually cut off part of his schoolfellow's ear.

Immediately the boy shrieked out, and cried, which made every one applaud him for performing, as it was supposed, his part so well; but as soon as it was discovered that he was really hurt, his friends and the masters got on the stage; all the actors and spectators were thrown into confusion; and as young Jordaens heard himself universally blamed, he stole away and went

home; so that there was an end to the performance, which could not go on without Malchus and St. Peter.

Jordaens.

From that time, Jordaens could never be persuaded to return to school, and was after that, placed with Vanoort, a painter of considerable merit, who had instructed Rubens, but though some authors have asserted that Rubens and Jordaens were bound to Vanoort, at the same time, we must point out the little probability of it, since Rubens was near eighteen years older than Jordaens.

They tell us also, that Rubens was too great a man to be jealous, but they forget that the greatest men are, as others, subject to great weaknesses; and Rubens became so jealous of Jordaens, on account of his colouring, that in expectation of making him lose his taste of painting in oil, he secretly contrived to have him employed in painting cartoons for tapestry, for the King of Spain; Jordaens however, preserved the talent of colouring, and soon acquired fame and great riches; but he

never equalled Rubens in painting history, as his figures wanted that elevation of character which is so necessary; and it was, says the author of his life, in subjects that wanted not greatness of expression, that he excelled, such as his *satyr and man blowing hot and cold*, his *basket of grapes*, &c.

In a journey which Sir Joshua Reynolds made to Flanders, fifteen or sixteen years ago, he bought at Antwerp, this celebrated picture, under the name of Jordaens's *basket of grapes*, and after he had enjoyed it some time, we obtained it of him, and it was with this picture, we began the present collection. *Jordaens.*

We see at the door of a cellar, the entrance of which is decorated with sculpture, a woman carrying a basket of grapes, and behind her, a large parrot on it's perch---a man advanced in years, and a young servant maid, who holds a lighted candle in her hand, have already entered the cellar, to prepare for the depositing of the grapes, and are in the inside, waiting near the entrance;

so that we see the fictitious light strike upon those two, whilst that of the day shines upon the woman remaining without, with the basket, which makes that piquant contrast so difficult for the art to produce.

The old man seeing that the servant's hands are occupied, profits of the occasion, and takes the liberty of putting his upon her bosom, which makes them all laugh.

ON CANVAS.

Jordaens.

BY THE SAME.

No. 103.

Jesus appearing to Mary Magdalen and his Disciples.

"Jesus said unto her, touch me not, for I am not * yet ascended to my Father."

John, chap. xx, v. 17.

We cannot but feel the deepest regret, on beholding this picture, that Jordaens did not confine himself to painting history in small size, for we do not find in

it, that heaviness and want of expression, as in his large historical ones; on the contrary, the expressions are so accurate, and the prevalent beauty of the whole, is so great, that we are surprized Jordaens ever quitted this style.

Christ covered with a red drapery, and bearing his cross, is on the right of the landscape; Mary Magdalen is opposite to him, her hands raised, and in *Jordaens,* the attitude of approaching him; whilst some of the disciples near her, struck with admiration and surprize, are adoring their divine master.

We are taught that Mary Magdalen was alone, when our Saviour appeared to her, after his resurrection; but as he shortly after, appeared also to his disciples, perhaps the artist has taken the liberty of uniting both these events;—we are ignorant whether upon that point, the Roman Catholic and Protestant belief is the same.

ON PANNEL.

GONZALES COQUES, born at Antwerp, 1618.

No. 104.

William the Third on Horseback.

This artist, who upon the continent, is named *the little Vandyck*, is so esteemed, that his works are highly prized. When William was Prince of Orange, he often employed Gonzales, to whom he gave as a mark of his esteem, a gold chain to which hung a medal with his bust.

The Prince is in armour, holding in his hand the mareschal's staff, and mounted on a white horse.

ON CANVAS.

ANTHONY FRANCIS VANDERMEULEN,
Born at Brussels, 1634.

No. 105.

A Landscape with Horses and Figures.

The greatest part of this master's works, are in France, where they are

much admired, not only for the excellence of the landscape, but also for his figures and horses which have a superior merit. It was by a singular accident, that his talents were brought forward.

There came from one of the provinces, to Paris, a man so much resembling Lewis XIV. as to be quite a deception. *Vandermeulen* If he went to church, to the public walks, or the theatres, he drew all eyes on him---they believed they saw the King himself. He was the talk of the whole city of Paris, and at last, they spoke of him to his Majesty, who became desirous of seeing him, and he was introduced at the levee.

Lewis XIV. was himself struck with the resemblance, and after having given a favourable reception to the stranger, he humorously said, *It is thought that we resemble each other very much: did your mother ever live at court in the time of Lewis XIII?* no Sire, answered the other, but my father did. This sally pleased the King, and it is not necessary to add

that the stranger was soon after promoted.

As it was generally believed then, that the King had taken pleasure in seeing the resemblance of his features, in another every one began to seek in their family, for some brother, nephew, or cousin who should resemble his Majesty; they brought them to imitate the manner and gestures of the King; they copied his dress, and from the four quarters of the kingdom, there arrived daily at Versailles, resemblers of the King.

Vandermeulen

From that moment, the chissel of the sculptor, presented only the features of Lewis XIV. in the busts of Alexander and Scipio, and painters no longer represented Jupiter, but with a large wig and in silk stockings, or boots and spurs; nay, to this very day, that god may be seen in that attire, painted by Lebrun, on a ceiling a Versailles.

Though his Majesty had sometimes the weakness to be pleased with flattery, he was a prince of so great capacity,

that he soon found it was carried so far on this occasion, as to become ridiculous, and he began to be disgusted with it, when they spoke to him of Vandermeulen of Brussels, who, they assured him, resembled him very much, which in fact was the case; *I care not* said the King angrily, *if he resembles me, I only want to know if he can take a good resemblance of my horse.* But for fear of calling a painter of mediocrity, he charged Mr. Colbert, his minister, to procure first, some pictures of Vandermeulen, and as they were found to possess infinite merit, the artist soon followed his works to Paris, where he was appointed painter to the king, and where he married the neice of Lebrun. *Vandermeulen*

The picture we now speak of, represents a landscape, in which are seen a great number of people, going to join the army. The right offers an inn, at the door of which several officers, on horseback, have stopped with their domestics, to take some refreshment. On the left, is seen, a high road upon

which are some horsemen, foot soldiers and a chariot; we discover also a village, at a great distance.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 106.

A Spy taken before Lewis XIV.

Vandermeulen No king ever experienced more treachery, than Lewis XIV. his plans were almost always disconcerted, because his secrets were exposed; and all the precautions he took to conceal his designs, were useless, for they were always known; a circumstance so adverse to the prosperity of his government, gave him the greatest uneasiness, as his secrets were only safe in his own bosom; he no sooner uttered them, than they were known to his enemies: and whatever passed in his council, was divulged even before it was broken up. Lewis XIV. was either far from being loved,

or his enemies were dangerous indeed, from their cunning and means of intelligence.

As the King was commanding in person, the siege of a town before which he had been some time, a spy was taken, charged with a letter, informing the enemy of the meditated plan of attack. The King ordered him to be brought into the camp, and interrogated him himself, without being able however, to discover the authors of the letter. The spy suffered death, and disdained to betray his employers, so that the traitors remained about the person of the King, undiscovered. *Vandermeulen*

Vandermeulen, who was in his Majesty's suite, commemorated the event, and introduced it in this picture, with the portraits of the different Nobility who attended Lewis.

The King's tent is raised near some trees, on the left; he is just coming from it, surrounded with the body of courtiers, who used to follow him to the army; by officers on foot and horse-

back, by his pages and guards, one of whom is reading the letter found upon the spy who is brought before him, surrounded by a guard of armed soldiers, his hands tied behind him, and his countenance expressive of the certain fate awaiting him; he is followed by a croud of men and officers on horseback, who occupy the right of the picture.

A regiment of cavalry is in the more retired part, and the back-ground is formed by the besieged town.

ON CANVAS.

PHILIP DE CHAMPAGNE, born at Brussels, 1602.

No. 107.

An Emblematical.

It is but seldom that this kind of subject is to be met with by this master, whose time was principally occupied in portrait painting; he was particularly successful in female heads, and appointed principal painter to the King of France, when Lewis XIV. was very

young;—he frequently had the honor of painting the Queen mother.

It happened that some ladies of the court, paid him a visit in his painting room, some few days after he had finished a portrait of her Majesty; and they had no sooner looked at it, than it underwent a severe criticism, for it had not, in their opinion, the most distant resemblance of the Queen—one found fault with the eyes—another said that the lips were too large—in short the whole picture was decried. *Champagne.*

The artist being the only person pleased with it, resolved not to spoil it through complaisance; but aware of the consequence of prejudice, and misrepresentation, he informed the ladies that he would do his endeavours to correct any faults, if they would have the goodness to point them out separately, which they did. Champagne then took his pallette with a dry pencil, and pretending to dip it in colour, he re-touched with it, different parts of the portrait.

In proportion as Champagne proceeded with the dry pencil, over the particular places which the ladies had found defective, the faults gradually vanished in their sight, and the artist, without his august model, but merely by the directions of his visitors, in a few moments, produced the most perfect resemblance of the Queen Dowager. His merit was then extolled to the skies, and he had the satisfaction of keeping the picture exactly in the same state they had first seen it.

Champagne.

The present one is emblematical of the vanity of human grandeur.—Time flies away, holding in his left hand, a scythe, and in his right, an iron chain attached to a car he is dragging after him, and in which an old man is standing up, supported by his stick, while some women near him, are tearing their hair in the agonies of despair, and looking towards heaven, where nothing but destructive angels appear to them.

On the front of the picture, are scattered pieces of armour, helmets, Car-

dinals' bonnets, patents of nobility, skulls and books, which are mouldering into dust.

ON CANVAS.

HERMAN SWANEFELD, born in Flanders, 1620.

No. 108.

A Landscape with Figures.

How sweet a task it is to praise!—then how unceasingly painful must be the office of the slanderer, a description of men who breathe only defamation on the living and the dead!—but like the policy which condemns the criminal to a public execution, that it may serve as a warning lesson to others, the faults of our predecessors are held out in the most glaring deformity, that it may caution our cotemporaries to avoid them.

Great men, as has been already remarked, are subject to great weaknesses, and

we have before observed that Lanfranc was jealous of Dominichino, Velasquez of his slave, and Rubens, although a warm patron of the merits of Brouwer, Teniers, Poelemburg, and other artists who were not in his own line of painting, was however jealous of Vandyck and Jordeans. Nay indeed, some artists have carried their jealousy to so monstrous an excess, that in a fit of that passion, Andrew dal Castagno murdered his rival Vetiano. We have now the unpleasant task of remarking the same weakness in Claude, with regard to Swanefeld.

Swanefeld.

Swanefeld by his sweet conciliatory manners, and a taste similar to that of his master, for study and solitary walks, had gained the friendship of Claude, who saw him with pleasure, surpass his other pupils, and he frequently employed him to put figures into such of his pictures as he himself did not. Swanefeld however never was so employed, without exciting in Claude, emotions of envy and regret, and that great man,

whose fame rung throughout Europe, could not support the idea that any of his pupils should excel him, even in the least thing; so that in hopes of rendering himself independant of their assistance, he constantly, 'till an advanced age, went to study as a boy at the academy, which however was not to his discredit.

In proportion as the reputation of Swanefeld was increasing, it raised the most violent jealousy in Claude, who though confident of his own superior powers, feared that the public was not so, and his jealousy became excessive, when he saw the works of his pupil, exported from Rome into foreign countries, and the same prices nearly paid for them, as for his own. *Swanefeld.*

There is but one step from jealousy to suspicion; and Claude began to suspect that Swanefeld secretly copied his works, or at least, different parts of them; and to that suspicion we are indebted for his book, entitled *Libro di Verita*, in which he has inserted the

greatest part of his works, so that any plagiarisms might be discovered; and on the back of each drawing, he wrote the name of the person for whom the picture was painted.

As Claude however was too just to condemn his friend on mere suspicion, he continued his attachment to him, and his envy did not cause their separation; they frequently visited each other, and often met in their country rambles, where they examined together, the different effects of nature.

Swanefeld.

The landscape before us, presents on the left, a rising ground crowned with several fine old trees, and a peasant who is guarding some cows grazing near him.

A river runs at the foot of the hill, forming a cascade on the right, and flowing to the fore-ground: a man and a boy are on the bank, returning from angling.

On the right, a man and woman advance over a tract of sand, which is backed by a range of trees, and varied herbs and shrubs, which, combining with

a fascinating and harmonious sky, add fresh beauties to the performance.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 109.

A Landscape with Figures.

This is one of those cabinet pictures, which at first sight seduces the eye by it's picturesque composition and fine colouring, and ensures our admiration, after a close examination. *Swanefeld.*

The fore-ground is occupied by a high way, in the middle of which, are two figures, a woman carrying a bundle on her head, and a man accompanying her. The next objects to the right, are two men fishing in a river which runs through the centre of the picture, and at a distance are rocks, finely spread with roots and briars.

In the fore-ground, on the left of the picture, which is enriched by the stump

of an old tree, and variegated shrubs; a rising ground partly conceals the high way that runs behind it, and discovers a countryman advancing, mounted on an ass. Then our attention is attracted by a cluster of trees beautifully formed, and finely contrasted with the warm and spirited sky.

ON CANVAS.

JAMES FOUQUIERES, born at Antwerp, 1580.

No. 110.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

This artist was a descendant of the family of the Fouquieres, of Augsburg, in Germany, so celebrated in the mercantile world, for their credit and opulence; they had obtained the exclusive privilege of the spice trade, so that they could limit at pleasure, the market of that commodity. Such was at that time, the extravagant price of spices, that cinnamon sold at two ducats, nearly a guinea, an ounce.

The grandfather of our artist, had advanced a considerable sum of money to the Emperor, Charles the Fifth, for which that sovereign had given his note, but finding it out of his power to pay at the stipulated period, he was uneasy concerning that engagement; however on his return from Italy, through Augsburg, he alighted at Mr. Fouquieres's, by whom he was received with a magnificence suited to his rank; and entertained with that luxury which immense wealth warrants. *Fouquieres.*

After a stay of twenty-four hours at Augsburg, the Emperor, while preparations were making for his departure, spoke to Mr. Fouquieres of his note, and of the difficulty he experienced in the payment of it; breakfast was in the mean time, laid before the monarch who, as it was then autumn, expressed that he felt himself sensible of the difference between the warm climate of Italy, and that of Germany. Mr. Fouquieres immediately ordered a fire, and that it might be a clear and grateful one,

some faggots of cinnamon were brought; at the same time taking from the drawer, the Emperor's note, Mr. Fouquieres shewed it to him, and then set fire with it, to the cinnamon.

Fouquieres.

James, his grandson, was pupil to Brueghel, whose manner however he did not adopt, as he formed himself a style between Titian and Rubens, by which he acquired great fame, and Lewis XIII. granted him patent letters of nobility, from which moment he never would paint, but with his sword at his side.

The performance of his pencil, which is in this collection, represents a fine landscape, the right of which offers a cluster of trees and a large barn; near are seen a shepherd and his sheep; and on the left, a sheet of water, with some cows.

ON CANVAS.

MINDERHOUT HOBBIMA, born 1611.

No. 111.

A Landscape.

In the time that the low countries belonged to Spain, in almost all the woods and forests there, hermitages were raised, in each of which associated three or four peasants, who took the habit of monks, like that of the Capuchins, and were called brother hermits.

Some lived by begging in the neighbouring villages, others by making rush and willow baskets, and going thither to sell them, and some by keeping schools.

In one of these schools, Hobbima was brought up, and it was there probably, that he first imbibed the taste of painting forests; but his father who had destined to him a considerable fortune, opposed his son's inclination for painting, which obliged young Hobbima to

secrete himself in his studies, and for a long time after he had quitted the school, he used to return to the woods, under pretence of visiting his old masters the hermits, and while with them, he used to draw and paint.

Amongst the works of the greatest masters, a choice is unquestionably to be given to some in preference to others,

Hobbima. and however celebrated an artist may be, the performance of his youth or old age, seldom equal those of the prime of his life.—The want of study and experience in early years, and the debility attendant on advanced age, preclude the hopes of expecting *chef d'œuvre* from either.

But even amongst the productions of the best time of a master, there is ample room for choice, for notwithstanding they may equally be ranked amongst good pictures, they may from composition and subject, be widely different in effect and merit.

Many pictures will fascinate an artist, which a connoisseur would view with

indifference, although generally those which please a true connoisseur, will likewise prove the favorites of the artist.

Among the multitude who are ignorant of the rules of the art, and suffer themselves to be seduced by false beauties, it frequently happens that a *chef d'œuvre* is neglected to admire some miserable production; as a cottage girl who will prefer coarse woollen, if it blaze in scarlet, to the modest beauties of the finest lace. Sometimes however by it's singular merit, and a certain *je ne sais quoi*, a picture commands the admiration of the artist, the connoisseur, and the multitude; and those are the truly desirable ones. *Hobbima.*

But even the greatest masters themselves, have produced only few of those fortunate pictures, and consequently they are extremely scarce; this however, justly ranks among the number.

Unaided by what generally embellishes a landscape, it possesses neither stately buildings, nor those of humbler life—fine ruins, nor superb columns,

broken or intersected grounds---unadorned either by threatening rocks or majestic mountains, rivers or bridges, cascades or cattle, and even without the artifice of a rising or setting sun; but merely with a few trees and a chaste natural sky, the skilful artist has produced a picture that has never failed to fascinate those who have seen it.

ON PANNEL.

GIOVANNI DELLA VITE, called JAN MIEL,
Born 1599.

No. 112.

A Landscape with Figures.

We have already remarked that such artists as have distinguished themselves in painting small figures, can seldom paint well in large. On Miel's arrival at Rome, Andrea Sacchi was so struck with his merit, that he admitted him into his academy, with the intention of enabling him to paint history; and as An-

drea was then painting in the Barbarini palace, *the Pope reviewing his cavalry*, he employed him on that grand work, but to his sorrow, for in a day or two, he found that his new pupil had spoiled it, upon which, in a great passion, Sacchi turned him out of the gallery, and Miel very prudently never attempted after, to paint in large.

Miel.

The left of the picture, presents an old convent, on the top of which are fixed a bell and two crosses. That holy edifice is inhabited by Franciscan friars, a lay brother of whom is on the threshold of the door, giving alms to the poor, with that benignity which dictates a truly benevolent heart, and which alone can inspire confidence.

At his feet is a large kettle of broth which he is distributing in small brown dishes to those who surround him. A woman is seated on his left, feeding herself and her little boy, and behind her a young man is eating with avidity. Towards the centre, stands an old man who is also making his meal, while the

friar is serving a girl who appears about ten years old; behind her, a little boy is waiting, with his jug in one hand, and his hat in the other.

On the right of the picture, a man who has just received his portion, has seated himself on a fragment of ruins, and is warming his fingers, with his breath, in spite of the impatience of his dog, who has already put himself in a begging posture. A little retired, a pilgrim is running, his arm pointed towards the monastery, in the attitude of calling to others, and informing them of what is going on.

Miel.

The whole scene offers a short relaxation from misery, for those poor objects relieved at so trifling an expence, and it reminds us of the great and good Lord Bessborough whose life was daily cheered by the blessings of relieved indigence, and whose crowded door never was shut against want, nor were the poor suffered by him to go cheerless away.

This one of those clear and silvery pictures of which Miel has left us but a very small number.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 113.

A Landscape, View in Italy.

On the high road, is seen a woman going to market with her little boy, and her ass loaded with panniers filled with poultry and game. The ass wanting to rub it's back, has lain down on the ground, and overturned the panniers; the pigeons and fowls are flying away, and the road is covered with hares, ducks, and partridges. *Miel.*

The ingenious artist has remarkably well expressed the embarrassment and agitation of the mistress, on this trying occasion, for in her fear of losing so many good things, she has thrown herself on her knees, to cover part of her

poultry with her apron; but wanting also to recover her pigeons, she stretches in vain, on of her hands in the air, Mid. whilst her little boy extends his arms, and calls to them.

In the mean time, some good peasants who chanced to pass that way, with their horses, have stopped to raise the ass, at which a dog is barking. The one raises up the body, the other draws him by the tail, and a third is beating him with his stick; but the restive and obstinate animal keeps firm in it's position, whilst some children, who were at play, not far off, having perceived what is passing, have quitted their sport, and are running to come and enjoy the scene.

ON CANVAS.

Dutch School.

PHILIP WOUVERMANS, born at Haerlem, 1620.

No. 114.

A Landscape with Figures.

Although it said that Wouvermans had all his designs and drawings burnt in his last illness, there are some still extant, for the drawing of this picture was but a few years ago, in the possession of a merchant at Amsterdam, where a friend of our's saw it.

It is certain that Wouvermans threw his portfolio into the fire, but not, as has been asserted, to prevent his son and his brother Peter profiting by his studies.

Notwithstanding his superior abilities, Wouvermans was in the utmost poverty, from having been continually imposed upon by the picture dealers, who used not to remit him above the tenth part of what his works were sold for. *I have been so ill recompensed for my labours,*

said Wouvermans, *that I will not have my drawings engage my son to become a painter.* That son followed his advice, and made himself a friar of the Carthusian order.

Wouvermans. We see in this, detached from a warm, silvery and transparent sky, a small house covered with thatch, built on an eminence, and surrounded with trees; a gentleman is near, wrapped in a cloak, and mounted on a fine horse; his servant who rides a white one, upon which is a red saddle, is dismounted, and giving him to eat, out of a basket.

On this side, is a man dressed in brown and blue, with a red bonnet on his head; he appears fatigued, and reposes himself extended on the ground; a little farther, to the left, a cascade is seen, and on the second ground to the right, an old willow with but few leaves, and almost despoiled of it's verdure.

This picture, which is of a most precious enamel, and an uncommon force of colouring, will always rank among the finest productions of the master.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 115.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

On the right of the picture, some children are bathing in a sheet of water, on the edge of which, a girl is washing some linen she has in a basket near her, while a man mounted on a white horse, is advancing in the centre, to water him; two other figures, and some sheep occupy the left. *Wouvermans.*

Some beautiful buildings, and trees of exquisite foliage, are seen more retired on the right and left, and the distant mountains are masterly detached from a lovely transparent sky.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 116.

A Landscape with Figures.

The composition presents twenty-five figures, large and small; two trees on a

little hill, are seen in the centre of the picture; and on the right, some gentlemen on horseback, going a hawking, one of whom holds the bird on his wrist; several dogs are around him, and upon the road, a beggar is lying down, and holding out his hat to them, for charity.

Opposite to him, a huntsman is advancing with his dog; and on the second ground, a man carrying on his back, a *Wouvermans.* package of merchandize, is going off on one side, with other figures; and on the other, two reapers are at work in a field.

On the left, is a piece of water, where we see a man watering a white horse; a little boy half naked, is washing his feet there, whilst two fishermen are drawing their nets; upon the second ground, are a shepherd with his flock, a house, and several figures.

On the third, we distinguish a village, a river and another hill: and at a great distance some mountains, just perceptible to the eye, unite with a most

clear and luminous sky, which indicates the middle of the day.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 117.

Halt of Horsemen.

One of the most capital performances of that admirable master, not only for the quantity of figures, and variety of horses, but also for their extraordinary merit as to animation, their movements, their various and difficult attitudes, and for the correctness and spirit with which they are painted, and most highly finished. *Wouvermans.*

It is a composition of seventeen figures and twelve horses, on the left of the picture are seen rocks and some trees, from which a man is cutting away the suckers, and here the horsemen have made their halt; two of them are dismounted, whilst the others are watering their horses at a river which is on the

right. There are also seen people bathing and a boat with oars, in which are two men.

On the second ground, a lady advances mounted on a horse which a man on foot leads by the bridle, and she is followed by a servant, who is also on horseback.

Wouwermans

ON PANNEL.

The companion of this picture painted also on wood, formerly belonged to Cardinal De ——, by whom it was promised to Doctor Bouvart, first physician to Lewis XV. who had so much esteem for him, that he made his son *maitre de requete* when only twenty-five years old, his ministers on the occasion, represented to his Majety, that he was very young. *Your observation is just*, replied the King, *but when we grow old, we must pay court to our doctor.* The Cardinal some time afterwards, being taken ill, sent for Dr. Bouvart who found his Eminence in the greatest agonies, and in a most dangerous state. *I shall not*

get over it, cried the Cardinal in despair, *You must rather hope to do so*, replied the physician, *have patience, my Lord, and let your courage support you. I trust you will be better in a few days.*—*Ah*, returned his Eminence, *I shall owe my life to your cares, and it shall be devoted to the service of you and your family, my dear Doctor, great and justly celebrated Bouvart.*

Such continued to be the language of the Cardinal during the few first days; but the physician is no stranger to compliments from his patients, nor unacquainted with the real value of them. *Wouvermans*

Doctor Bouvart however, little affected by the promises or flattery of his Eminence, afforded through duty, every attention that suffering humanity requires, attended him with unrelaxed assiduity, and frequently remained an hour at a time, in his patient's room, in which hung the picture by Wouvermans, which we have just mentioned, and he of course frequently admired it. *Does it please you?* said the Cardinal. *It is impossible otherwise*, replied the Doctor;

and his Eminence insisted on his accepting it, and would have sent it to his house immediately, but Dr. Bouvart, far from taking advantage of his patient's offer, absolutely declined it. Seeing him hurt however by the refusal, he agreed to take it, when requested by the Cardinal after his re-establishment.

Wouvermans. But in proportion to the Cardinal's recovery, his caresses, politeness, and flattery diminished so much, that his dear doctor, the great and justly celebrated Bouvart became *plain Bouvart*, whom his Eminence came gradually to treat as he used to do every one, with pride and hauteur.

It is the custom in England, to compliment the physician, with his fee at each visit; but in France, they are paid, or at least ought to be paid, after; and Dr. Bouvart, not having been so, at the lapse of twelve months, was under the necessity of writing several letters to the Cardinal, who would not even send him an answer, which ingratitude so mortified the physician, that he com-

plained of it to the king, and unfortunately for the Cardinal, at the moment his Eminence was soliciting a regiment for his nephew.

The next day, previous to the levee, the King sent for the Cardinal, into his closet, which made him look with confidence to obtaining the favour he solicited; but what was his surprize on finding Dr. Bouvart with his Majesty, who after highly censuring his conduct, ordered him to pay the doctor, his demand in twenty-four hours! *Wouvermans,* Dr. Bouvart however did not wait that time, for on his return home, they brought him on the part of his Eminence four times the amount of his claim, accompanied with the work of Wouvermans——the physician taking only what was justly due to him, returned the overplus with contempt, as well as the picture, which after the Cardinal, passed into the collection of Madame la Comtesse de Verue.

BY THE SAME.

No. 118.

Two Pictures of Farriers' Shops.

One of these, presents in a most pleasing landscape, a composition of eleven figures, with six horses; on the left is seen an old vaulted building, whose summit is covered with mossy verdure, and in this vault is a farrier's shop. Two gentlemen followed by a servant, have stopped to have one of their horses shod; it's saddle is taken off, and lies on the ground near them.

Wouvermans.

Whilst the farrier is shoeing the horse, one of the workmen, is holding it by the bridle, and the servant alighted from his horse, is occupied in re-saddling it.

A young man leading two other horses to the forge, is watching 'till the farrier has finished; on this side, is also seen a fine child dressed in blue, playing with a dog.

The right of the picture, presents a woman, seated at the foot of a willow, stript of its leaves; near her, is a little girl lying down on the ground, and a man who seems to be speaking to her; farther, another is seen going off on horseback; and at a distance, a mountain of a bluish colour, which is in perfect harmony with one of the finest skies we have ever seen. *Wouvermans.*

The other picture, it's companion, is painted with the same delicacy, and is in all respects, of equal merit. It represents one of those old buildings raised formerly, and such as they now construct in villages, with pieces of brick and highway stone, to build at a small expence; these different materials cemented together, form solid walls which are generally plaistered over, but when, through length of time, this plaister begins to fall, the edifice has the appearance of an old shabby building, of a variety of colours; and it is then that the ingenious landscape painter knows how to profit by it, in his works.

Such is the one we are now speaking of; it is long, with two doors, and serves for two different families; near the first, is a farrier employed with his workmen, shoeing a beautiful white horse, upon the back of which the master, who has just alighted, has left a red cloak and valise; his dog is at his side, seeking to caress him, and behind a little page in livery, waiting with his hat in his hand.

Wouvermans. The farrier's wife is on the threshold of the door, over which is a grated window; a child is by her side, and in her arms, another still at the breast; a gentleman, whose white dog is lying near him, is waiting 'till his friend's horse is shod; and is conversing with her, while another woman is climbing over a low wall which is between the two houses, with a basket of linen to dry.

Near the other door, which is also open, and nearly in the centre of the picture, is a barrel on one side, and on the other, a man sleeping, extended on the ground; his wife is seated near him, and holding a child upon her knees.

On the left, a road which leads into the country, from whence a shepherd is returning with a numerous flock of sheep, followed by a girl carrying a lamb, and a young man, mounted upon an ass loaded with straw.

The ground is enriched with a piece of water, trunks of trees scattered here and there, and with the finest verdure; while the effect of a sky, the most piquant, adds greatly to the beauty of the whole. *Wouvermans.*

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 119.

A Departure.

The composition is of eleven figures, and seven horses, represented in one of those large inn yards peculiar to Holland and Flanders; they are generally half exposed and half covered, sheltering a trough for the accommodation of the horses of those passengers who put

up, at their inns, for an hour or two only; more retired are the stabling and coach-houses.

On the left, three horses are attached to the manger, and near them the hostler of the inn is pointing out a quantity of hay, in the top of the range, to a gentleman standing by him, in a red cloak; nearer, a little boy is wheeling a barrow, into which he has put an infant.

Wouvermans. In the centre of the picture, a lady dressed in blue, and mounted on horseback, is on the point of setting out; she is stopping only for a gentleman who is putting on his spurs, whilst a groom holds his beautiful white horse; in that part of the yard, which is uncovered, a beggar, supported by crutches and a wooden leg, is waiting for them, and already extends his hat for charity.

On the right side, a servant maid is getting water from a well, in one corner of the yard, near which two travellers, on horseback, are leaving the inn through a back gateway, opening to a superb landscape.

The composition, the high finishing, and the delicacy of this work, will never fail to command the admiration of connoisseurs.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 120.

A Landscape with Figures.

The centre of the picture, is occupied by a cottage which extends itself to the right, and is surrounded by a variety of trees; a woman is seen at a window, while a man is at the door, coming out. *Wouvermans.*

The left presents a steep hill, detached from a clear silvery sky, and which a man and a child are ascending; a cart drawn by two horses, and which is coming down the road, is also seen at the top; and the fore-ground of the picture, is enriched with trunks of trees, and a variety of leaves.

ON CANVAS.

At one period, Wouvermans painted in so small a size, that some of his pictures, like works in enamel, have been put in toilet and snuff-boxes. Frede-
Wouvermans. rick II. King of Prussia, had one of them, representing *a march of cavalry*, painted on copper, and incrusted in a double case gold watch he used to wear, till he gave it to a soldier, by whom he passed one day, as the man was on guard at the palace.

The King having remarked that he wore a watch, and doubtful whether his was set right, stopped and asked him what o'clock it was, which question staggered and threw into confusion the soldier, who wore only a watch chain, and in fact had no watch; but soon recovering, he pulled out a gun-ball to which it was fixed, and said, "My "watch, Sire, does not tell the hour, "but reminds me that it is my duty to "die fighting in the service of your "Majesty." *A brave man, who employs his time so, deserves to know how time goes*, replied the King, and he gave the soldier his own watch.

JOHN BOTH, born at Utrecht, 1610.

No. 121.

A Landscape,

With Cattle and Figures, by Andrew Both.

Although Henry Both, the father of John and Andrew, was only a painter on glass, he knew that artists in general, did not live on friendly terms; and sensible what hatred was excited by any thing like a rival in the art, he saw with pain, the growing inclination of his two sons, to embrace both the profession of painting: but having remarked that the oldest was always designing landscapes, and the other figures, he considered it as a propitious omen, and took care to encourage each in the line he had adopted, without ever permitting one to undertake what the other had done.

By these means, he used to say, *each of my sons will be eminent in his own style, and their united works will be the more*

ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM OXFORD

valuable; so that instead of being rivals, they will reciprocally aid and encourage each other, and their ties of blood will be strengthened by the tie of interest, which is not less binding.

Thus reasoned this good father; and it was nearly so that the well-meaning institutors of academies, have thought. *In uniting the artists,* they said, *we will root out those little jealousies that dishonour them, for as every one will contribute to the success of the whole, each artist will feel interested in the success of the other, since the particular good of one, will be felt by all, as if affecting every individual.—Divided they can effect only their single efforts, but united they will materially assist each other, by their advice and abilities; and instead of envy, hatred, quarrels, and dissentions, we shall see merit, peace, fraternity, concord and happiness, go hand in hand, in the sanctuary of the fine arts.*

Both.

The views of Henry Both, were happily realized.—We hope those of the benevolent institutors of academies, have equally been so.

This picture represents a mountainous country, intersected by roads; on the right, runs a river which loses itself at a distance; the scene is clothed with beautiful trees of an exquisite foliage, and finely detached from a warm serene sky, while the distant landscape exhibits the mountains enveloped in the light vapour which a fine summer's day produces.

Cattle and figures well disposed, contribute in no small degree, to the enchanting effect of the whole, which is heightened by a water-fall in the foreground, losing itself among the bushes. *Both.*

Both stands too high amongst the first landscape painters, to need useless encomium; we shall only observe that the present picture is superior to most others in execution and glowing colouring.—It was formerly in the collection of Prince Rupert.

ON CANVAS.

NICHOLAS BERCHEM, born at Harlaem, 1624.

No. 122.

An upright Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

This picture, instead of a studied and elegant composition, merely offers us a simple view from nature, taken in a bright day. On the left, are seen part of a cottage and a group of trees, at the foot of which a young woman is lying down with a child in her arms; not far from her, and in the centre, a young man dressed in a red jacket, is seen extended on the ground, and a little farther, are some cows and sheep.

On the left, is the trunk of a tree with a few branches; beyond which an immense distance attracts the eye, as well as a transparent sky, in which a mass of light, pearly and silvery clouds are calmly rolling.

ON PANNEL.

A parcel of prints taken from Berchem's works, were once the cause of Voltaire's turning into ridicule, the forty academicians of the royal academy of sciences, at Paris.

The French, to signify that a man is endowed with a superior capacity, are used to say, *he has alone as much sense as four.* And as Voltaire had one day, company at dinner, a little girl, about six years old, daughter to his niece Madame Denis, was brought to the desert, and with her a portfolio of prints for her amusement; but as it only contained landscapes from Berchem, the child, who would have preferred human figures, asked her uncle, why he did not paint portraits instead of landscapes! *That is a difficult question to resolve,* answered Voltaire, smiling, *and which should be submitted to the academy, for,* added he turning to the company, *there are* FORTY *men there, who have as much sense as* FOUR. *Berchem.*

BY THE SAME.

No. 123.

Landscape with Rocks, Figures, & Cattle.

At the foot of a chain of rocks, from whence falls a cascade of water, is seen a man dressed in a red waistcoat, with a sheep's skin over it; he is standing with a long stick in his hand, and leaning on an ox, while his dog advances towards another ox which is drinking; to the right of the picture, an ass and a cow are lying down on the grass.

Berchem. The sky is light and transparent, and the fore-ground enriched with the trunks and branches of trees, roots, and briars.

The whole forms one of those fine productions of the art, worthy the reputation of Berchem, and the attention of amateurs.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 124.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

Another of Berchem's happy productions; the pleasing composition and

seducing colouring of which attaches the soul and the eye. In a fine summer day, a young woman is going to market, preceded by an ass carrying two panniers; she meets a young man who, followed by his dog, is leading some goats and sheep—the master, the mistress, and the animals associate, and are all peaceably united. This group draws from the left of the picture towards the centre.

The right presents us a river, and on the same side, a man on horseback, who is conducting some cattle, and at a small distance, another man leading a loaded ass; to the right, as well as to the left, are some fine trees, and at a distance, some high mountains and a sky, where the clouds seem to be in motion. *Berchem.*

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 125.

A mountainous Landscape with Cattle.

We are here presented with a mass of rocks, on some of which, a few plots

of pasture ground are found, with scattered trees and verdure. Water gushes from the bosom of some rocks, on the right, forming a cascade, which is received into a romantic bason; at their base, some sheep and goats, are dispersed over the front of the picture; and
Berchem. on the left, a woman is milking a goat, while a girl carries away the milk of the others, in an earthen pan; a clump of trees is in the distance on the left, and in the centre, a peasant is sitting surrounded by his sheep and goats. The whole is clear, silvery and spirited, and will ever pass for one of the finest productions of this master.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 126.

A Landscape with a Farrier's Shop.

This cabinet picture is in the style of Wouvermans. Those of Berchem, even during his life time, were eagerly

coveted and purchased at large prices; but those of Both and Wouvermans were sought after with equal avidity, which excited the greatest jealousy in Berchem's wife, whose avarice was insatiable; she was accustomed not only to strip him of whatever money the sale of his pictures produced, so as sometimes to place him under the necessity of borrowing from his pupils, but obliged him to work from day break 'till the close of the evening.

Berchem.

Throughout the summer, she used to rise every morning at four o'clock, to prepare his colours and arrange his palette, and compelled him to be by five, at his easel, which she took care to place in a room directly over her own, and if ever Berchem, through fatigue of mind or want of rest, relaxed from his work, or she supposed he had done so by her not hearing him, she would make an incessant noise with a long stick, against a beam in the ceiling, 'till Berchem, by a like action with his foot

above, informed her he was awake and at his work.

As Berchem's wife disposed of all his pictures, she was not only unceasing in her clamours for more, but as many landscape painters were eager to have their works enriched by his figures, they constantly applied to her, and were sure to be successful in their applications, as they were accompanied by money; so that Berchem's easel was crowded with pictures of other artists, and notwithstanding his dislike to it, he used to comply for the sake of domestic quiet.

Berchem.

At length, whether in the idea of hurting Both and Wouvermans, by producing pictures in their style, or to render those of her husband, more valuable, by shewing the universality of his talents, she prevailed on him, to paint some in their manner, but the genius of Berchem was not adapted for imitations. He produced, it is true, some new compositions in their style, but his own touch, that touch to which he owes

his immortality, is easily traced throughout them, and none of his productions have ever passed for the works of Both or Wouvermans.

The rich fore-ground of this picture is ornamented with a piece of water, and on the right is the farrier's shop; the forge is lighted, and one of the workmen is blowing the bellows. A little boy stands beside the farrier, who is himself busied in nailing on the shoe of a beautiful white horse, whose leg is held up by a young man. *Berchem.*

Some trees shoot up behind the farrier's house, the roof of which is decorated with shrubs---a man is sitting on a hill towards the left, and in the centre are several other houses and the village church, whose steeple is masterly detached from a most fascinating sky.

ON PANNEL.

GERARD DOUW, born at Leyden, 1613.

No. 127.

A Lady at her Harpsichord.

The very high finishing, which this artist gave to all his pictures, injured his sight to that degree, that at the age of twenty-five, he was under the necessity of making use of spectacles, and before he had attained forty, he had tried all the different degrees of them, without finding any more to suit him; in consequence he applied to different opticians and to his friends, but without success, and he continued painting with the greatest difficulty, 'till by accident, an old German woman, the mother of his servant maid, requested him to try her's, and Gerard Douw found them the treasure he had so long been seeking for.

The first use he made of those spectacles, was to paint them with their case,

in a small picture, which he presented to his benefactress, who sold it to a Burgomaster for an annuity which rendered the remainder of her life comfortable.

Notwithstanding Raphael and Gerard Douw were so different in their lines, their works are equally coveted, equal in excellence, and so scarce, that they are seldom to be purchased. Copies of them, are now and then, put up at auctions, but although so many pictures have been imported into this country, since the French revolution, we call on connoisseurs and collectors, to acknowledge that for the last thirty years, not ten pictures of Raphael or of Gerard Douw, authentic like this, have been offered either at private or public sales. *Douw.*

In the interior of a richly furnished room, and to the right of the picture, a young lady is seated at her harpsichord placed under an open window, upon which is a vase filled with flowers; a stool with a crimson velvet cushion is near the harpsichord; and in the centre, suspended from the ceiling, is a bird-

cage, to whose little inhabitant the lady is giving a lesson.

The left offers a table covered with tapestry, on which are a water glass and a music-book open; a base viol is lying near, and we see on the floor, beside the table, a large vase in which is a stone bottle, and a vine branch carried by chance into the apartment, part of which reclines upon the vase, and adds to the beauty of the work, as well as a rich Turkey carpet fixed to the ceiling, but folded so as to give it the appearance of an open curtain.

Douw.

ON PANNEL.

We have left this picture in the frame it had when we purchased it, although in our opinion, 'tis considerably too broad and heavy. The breadth of a frame, should always bear a proportion to the performance, and the size of it's figures; yet, in spite of that rule, there is now so great a rage for large frames, that our picture galleries, are more filled with the work of carvers and gilders, than of

painters, which new fashion is entirely owing to those who being possessed of inferior pictures, and in order to make up for their want of merit, are endeavouring to give them an air of consequence, through the help of a frame.

Formerly books were bound in humble parchment, but were witty or sublime; now, instead of sublimity and wit, they offer us their authors crowned with laurel by Bartolozzi, and fine specimens of rich morocco binding---so it is with pictures; the most meritorious of the old school, (the works of Raphael, Correggio, Da Vinci, Julio Romano, &c.) were formerly put in a modest narrow frame, invented as a mere support to the picture, but now many performances, pompously placed in collections, receive at once, their support and their whole merit from their frames. *Douw.*

BY THE SAME.

No. 128.

Ceres, at the Old Woman's Cottage.

Douw. Notwithstanding Ovid in his Metamorphoses, has treated this subject with as much humour as energy, such is the merit of this picture, in every respect, that we are at a loss to decide whether the painter or the poet has succeeded the best in it.

In a landscape lighted by the moon, at the door of a cottage surrounded with trees entwined by the ivy and the vine, stands the goddess Ceres, her head encircled with ears of corn, holding in one hand, the cup out of which she drinks, and a lighted torch in the other.

The old woman, supported by her crutch, holds a lighted candle in her hand; her back is towards the door of the cottage, which is half open, and she is waiting till the goddess has drunk,

whilst the child, who is beside her, is ridiculing Ceres, who to punish him, afterwards transformed him into a bat.

Several kitchen utensils are scattered over the ground, near the cottage, and highly enrich a picture which is fit for the most select collection.

ON PANNEL.

Sometime after the accession of Charles II. to the throne, he sent Sir Godfrey Kneller to Versailles, to paint the portrait of Lewis XIV. for him, and the artist so far conciliated the favor of the French King, that his Majesty at the last sitting said to him, *I have conceived so great a regard for you, that I shall not be satisfied, unless you request something of me before your departure. Well, Sire,* replied Sir Godfrey, *the greatest favor I can ask, is that you would prolong your sitting, some minutes, and permit me to sketch the portrait of your Majesty for myself.* *Douw.*

The King having learned the next day, that the artist had very much admired a small picture by Gerard Douw,

that was in his palace, *a candle light in the style of this picture*, which represented an old man sitting and reading to a girl who held the candle, sent it to him, and as well for the merit of the work, as through respect for the Monarch who had presented it, Sir Godfrey considered it as an heir-loom, and valued it as a little earldom in his family.

Douw. In truth, it is only by the fine arts, by pictures, and statues of the first merit, that individuals who have not titles, can distinguish themselves in life, and hold, in some measure, the balance between themselves and the nobility — a title and a good collection certainly grace each other; but it does not follow that the want of possessing the one, should deprive us of the enjoyment of the other. Nothing can be more respectable than a title, since it is a distinguishing mark of honor from a sovereign to his subject; there are however, a great many men possessed of titles, and very few men possessed of a good collection; which proves that it is easier to acquire favour than judgment.

BY THE SAME.

No. 129.

An old Dutch Woman.

This precious cabinet picture represents the interior of a room occupied by a bed and various kitchen utensils; an old Dutch woman, in her winter dress, mounted with a ruff, and in a white stuff bonnet, is sitting opposite to a fire, and eating soup out of a brown earthen porridge pot. *Douw.*

To what superlative excellence may genius and application carry the art of painting!! We may really believe we see the head and hands of the old woman trembling through the debility of extreme old age. It is however one of the early pictures of Gerard Douw, for notwithstanding it's high finish, we easily recognize the school of Rembrandt, whose manner he then followed.

KAREL DUJARDIN, born at Amsterdam, 1640.

No. 130.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

It is well known that such was the prodigality of this artist, in his youth, that at his return from Italy (as the only means of paying his debts) he married his landlady who, though very old, was very rich; he introduced her to his family at Amsterdam, where he thought of settling, but the mortifications he suffered in consequence of his ill-judged marriage, the melancholy it gave rise to, and the peevish jealousy of his wife, cramped his abilities, and his works no longer possessed their wonted merit.

He at length withdrew himself, and returned to Italy, where he soon regained his usual gaiety, and his works more finely executed than ever, were some of them, sent to Amsterdam, and greedily purchased by the amateurs.

His family then wrote him word, that since he had recovered his spirits in Italy, and the art of painting so well, he should come and paint near his wife at Amsterdam. *No,* returned Karel Dujardin, *we are best as we are, for that I may paint well at Amsterdam, my wife must absolutely be in Italy.* *Dujardin.*

The centre of this picture, presents an Italian country house, partly concealed by a range of poplars in full verdure.

On this side of it, are scattered statues and beautiful fragments of columns, and near them is a cottager with her five children. The eldest boy has climbed to the top of a marble pedestal, on which he has taken his seat, and the girl who appears to be about twelve years old, and dressed in a red corset, with a sleeping infant in her arms, has likewise seated herself on the ground.

The mother dressed in blue, is standing between her two little boys, her hand on the head of one whom she seems to be reproving. At a distance

from her, but also in the front, are cows, an ass and sheep, of which some are grazing and others lying on the ground.

The beautiful foliage of the trees, the fine colouring and execution of the whole, entitle this picture to a distinguished place in any collection.

Dujardin.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 131.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

This is one of those exquisite performances of the master, and of the most picturesque effect.

A young girl, with a red corset and yellow drapery, is mounted upon a white horse, on the fore-ground, towards the right of the picture, with a young man who leads her horse by the bridle. On the second ground and same side, some sheep are feeding on a little hill;

and on the third, are trees, round which we distinguish some figures.

The right offers us rocks covered here and there, with shrubs, and at the foot of a rock, a woman lies down, and is speaking to a man near her—on the second ground, another woman, who carries a parcel on her head, and holds a child by the hand, is coming down to the high road, preceded by her dog, and at a little distance, behind her, some other figures are lying down; on the third ground, are some fine edifices, with a row of trees, and in the distance, a chain of mountains. *Dujardin.*

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 132.

A small Landscape with Figures.

This picture represents a flat country of a rich verdure, with some little hills at a distance, and an horizon which descends very low. One sees a hunts-

man just alighted from his horse, and near him, some dogs lying down, whilst he is putting a brace of hares into a bag.

The sky appears rainy, but the light strikes most happily on some parts, which gives the picture the most picturesque effect.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

Dujardin. No. 133.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

This is one of those beautiful landscapes with which Italy abounds; in the fore-ground of a valley, on the right, a man lies negligently reclining on the grass, near a flock of sheep that are grazing, and towards the left, another man is seated speaking to a woman, who is holding the bridle of an ass loaded with a pair of panniers; behind her, is a little girl and a boy, caressing a white horse, worn with age and labour, and which is near the centre.

A river winds more retired, and separates the valley from the back-ground, which is enlivened by a picturesque country-house, and many scattered figures; in the still more distant back-ground, are others crossing a road, at the declivity of a hill which breaks with an enchanting effect, from the clear silvery and harmonious sky. *Dujardin.*

ON CANVAS.

Most of the landscape and portrait painters who have lived in Italy, have attempted to paint history, and it was the case with Karel Dujardin, before he had acquired his great celebrity for painting landscapes.

As he was one day, making his terms oran altar-piece in the chapel of a nunnery, he was proposed, according to the Italian custom of that time, to be paid half in money, and the other half *in prayers*, to which the artist objected, as being a protestant. *Since that is the case*, answered the Lady Abbess, *you are more than any one, in want of prayers, and we shall pray for your conversion.*

The most famed painters, formerly employed in the churches of Italy, were chiefly paid so; and it is well known that when Paul Veronese had finished his celebrated picture of *the Marriage of Cana*, which is now valued at fifteen thousand pounds sterling, he only received fifty out of the stipulated price, and the remainder was paid in masses, for the benefit of his soul.

VANHARP.

No. 134.

Isaac blessing Jacob.

Vanharp was one of Rubens's pupils, and his works, like those of his master, are extremely scarce. He distinguished himself by the brilliancy of his colouring, and truth of expression.

In the interior of a room, lighted by a window, on the right, is a superb bed hung with purple silk curtains, and covered with a green embroidered counterpane, in which Isaac, blind through

age, and naked, according to the oriental manner, is sitting, giving his blessing to Jacob, who is kneeling before him, his hands joined and raised towards his father. Rebecca is sitting in an arm chair, at the head of the bed, enjoining Jacob by her motions, to be silent.

On the other side, a table is laid out with the repast of Isaac, consisting of bread and game; near it, is an antique vase holding two other vessels; and at the chamber door, Esau is just returning from the chase with game.

We shall not enter into any discussion of the beauties of this work, but as some copies of it, have been made, doubts might be entertained of it's originality, if we passed over it in silence. We invite the close inspection of the connoisseur, and assure the public that it is the original of the copies extant; and notwithstanding the trouble that warranting a picture by any particular master, may give rise to, we will, to obviate any doubts, undertake to do so in the pesent instance. *Vanharp.*

ON PANNEL.

JACOB RUYSDAEL, born at Harlaem, 1636.

No. 135.

A Landscape and Figures.

Houbraken informs us that at the age of twelve, Ruysdael painted pictures, which for their merit, surprized all the connoisseurs. His attachment to his father, was so great, that not to quit him he would never marry, and when pressed to it, he used to say, *my father is so happy, who knows if he would find himself so with my wife?*

As he was reproached with putting cascades too often, in his landscapes, which made his pictures resemble each other too much; he answered, *it is because I like to sign them.* Ruysdael in Dutch *signifying a fall of water.*

It is a view taken after nature, at sun rise, which presents us a lovely landscape filled with trees of the finest forms, and the lightest foliage, and in that time of the year, when they are (approaching autumn) enriched with different colours.

To the right of the picture, is found a fine piece of water, and a low hedge, which leaves an opening for a view of the country.

In the centre, we see the early rays of the sun peeping through the trees, which produces the most piquant effect; and upon the fore-ground, a young man, whose stick and bundle lie by him, is resting himself, while another and a woman with their dog, are seen at some distance. *Ruysdael.*

This picture, which is exempt from the black tone of colouring, so often reproached to the works of Ruysdael, is enriched with briars, plants, and a silvery ground, on which is the trunk of a tree, blown down by the wind.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 136.

A Landscape with Figures.

We again present a *chef d'œuvre* of the art, a view from nature, which the

painter has chosen with exquisite taste and a truth that traces nature in every line.

A sheet of water, edged with shrubs and bushes, occupies the fore-ground, whose limpid bosom reflects a warm sky, as transparent as those of Rubens —a willow and other trees beautify the left bank; and on the right, two oaks partly unrooted from the earth, having given way, are reclining under their own weight.

ON CANVAS.

JOHN VAN HUYSUM, born at Amsterdam, 1682.

No. 137.

Two of Fruit and Flowers.

Whatever line of painting an artist may adopt, he may rise into greatness in it, and whoever excels in insects and shells only, ranks above an indifferent historical painter, who vainly strains his endeavours to surmount the obstacles which nature has laid in his way.

Van Huysum as much surpassed all other artists in flowers and fruits, as he surpassed them in jealousy, and we regret having to offer an additional instance of that baneful degrading weakness, which he carried to that excess, as not to permit even any of his family to be present at his work, and he never would receive any pupils, under the apprehension that his studies and discoveries in the art, might by their means, outlive him.—In what a state should we be, had our ancestors acted like him, or how could Van Huysum himself have begun his career, had all his cotemporary artists treated him with like illiberality. *Huysum.*

These pictures, the one representing flowers, and the other fruit, are of the best time of this master, with a clear transparent back-ground.

ON COPPER.

J. B. WEENINX, born at Amsterdam, 1621.

No. 138.

A Turkish Sea-Port.

The mother of Weeninx (his father having died when he was very young) placed him apprentice to a stationer, where he did not remain long, not only because he did every thing he was bid, with dislike and ill humour, but also because he wasted his master's paper, to scrawl his drawings upon, so that daily complaints were made by those who had bought reams or quires of paper, of their not finding the right quantity, or returning whole sheets that they found spoiled with drawing, half effaced, or rumpled, so that the stationer was under the necessity of discharging Weeninx.

His mother then placed him to a woollen draper, but with as little success, for finding no more paper to spoil, he used to draw with charcoal, on the walls of the house, which enraged the

draper's wife, who was obliged to have her house new painted; but in a short time, the walls were again covered with figures and cattle—Cardinal Barbarini would probably have commended Weeninx, but a Dutch draper and his wife saw things with different eyes, for after beating him most unmercifully, he was turned out, and then placed with a painter.

It is impossible to cast one's eyes upon a picture of Weeninx's, without recalling to our imagination, the juvenile productions of Berchem, nor can we be surprized that Berchem should have become so great an artist, when we recollect that he had such a master. *Weeninx.*

The picture represents a vast extent of sea in a perfect calm, and quite in harmony with a transparent sky.

On the left, are seen men on horseback, and a cart drawn by oxen, whilst the shore is partly covered with camels, Turks and other foreigners, with bales of merchandize, &c.

A pleasing sight which gives an idea of trade!! but is a very feeble image of our English ports, in which, under the auspices of commerce, riches and abundance are daily arriving from the four quarters of the world---a commerce so vainly envied by all other nations of Europe, in whose hands it would soon languish, if yielded up to them; for to render it flourishing, it requires the actual situation of England, and the natural cast of mind of the people;---it has been said by an author, that to become angels, we must be inhabitants of heaven;---and we will venture to add, that one must be an Englishman to become a sailor and a merchant.

Wouwerman.

ON CANVAS.

GERARD TERBURGH, born at Zwool, 1608.

No. 139.

Lord Clarendon, Chancellor to Charles II.

It is but a few years since, that there was in one of the streets adjacent to Ox-

ford road, a sign under which was the following inscription—*Surgeon, operator for the feet and hands, to their Sicilian Majesties.*

The Queen of Naples was represented sitting, her hand modestly reclining on her petticoat, while the surgical operator was cutting her toe nails. The King was standing near her, friezed and powdered, and in the insignia of his different orders; his feet bare, but in slippers, one hand resting on the back of the chair on which the queen was seated, and holding his stockings and garters in the other, waiting 'till the operator was at leisure to begin with him. *Terburgh.*

Thus by an unpardonable abuse, a sign post becomes sufficient to throw ridicule on a sovereign, and by a like abuse, quack mouth cleaners,* who under the pretence of preserving the teeth, ruin them for the express purpose of selling false ones, and making false jaws, are

* They all assume the name of *Dentists*, when in fact real and honest Dentists are of the utmost scarcity.

arrogating to themselves, the respectable title of surgeon, that distinguishing appellation of an art almost divine, which requires every exercise of talent and genius; an art to which in the person of Esculapius, the antients have, with equal justice and gratitude, dedicated altars.

Terburgh. It was by a singular abuse, that scene and house painters, daubers and all painters in oil, were formerly incorporated with artists, 'till Terburgh, applied to the High Council of Holland, when the artist painters were separated from them. This picture, which we bought merely for it's merit, was sold under the assurance of it's being by the hand of Gaspard Netscher, but it appears to us that it was painted by Terburg, who imitated the style of Netscher, and what confirms our opinion, is that Gaspard never came to England, whilst his imitator Terburgh came here under the reign of Charles II, by whom he was long employed.

ON CANVAS.

JOHN VANDER HEYDEN, born at Gorcum, 1637.

No. 140.

A Landscape and Figures.

At the time that Vander Heyden's talents were in the highest estimation, it was his custom to walk out every day, an hour or two, into the country, to study nature; as he was going one morning, by the side of a canal, near Amsterdam, looking with great attention to the water, he was struck with an idea, that the engines might be improved.

On his return home, he drew up a plan which he presented to the magistrates, who soon after appointed him with a large salary, director of the water works and engines, which is the cause of his pictures being so scarce, as he afterwards painted but few.

This is the acknowledged *chef d'œuvre* of the master. It represents a canal

bordered by trees, and ornamented by buildings, executed with a magic pencil, and which reflected in it's clear transparent waves, and united to a beautiful sky, produces the most enchanting effect. It is besides, embellished with about twenty figures by Adrian Vandervelde.

ON PANNEL.

Heyden. BY THE SAME.

No. 141.

A Landscape and Figures.

This master has surpassed all other landscape painters, by the delicacy of his pencil:—this is a performance that proves he was the *Gerard Douw* of landscape painting. How much time and study must this high-finished cabinet picture have cost him!! It is besides, embellished with nine figures by Adrian Vandervelde.

On the left is seen surrounded with fine trees, a brick house covered with

tiles, and a barn made of bricks, thatched with straw, which a woman is approaching: on this side, two gentlemen (one of whom has a dog near him) are standing conversing together. Towards the centre are two capuchins, and at some distance, upon a hill covered with trees, are seen a woman and child, and some sheep. *Heyden.*

The right of the picture offers us the view of a river, upon the bank of which two men are walking; and at a distance, is distinguished a mountain detached from a warm and vapourish sky.

ON PANNEL.

ALBERT CUYP, born at Dort, 1606.

No. 142.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

There are many men, whose talents appear but by degrees and intense study, while the superior merit and genius of others, continue long unnoticed and unknown, and stamp themselves upon the

public, but after a length of time. Such has generally been thought to be the fate of artists; which has given rise to the French proverb, *Gueux comme un Peintre*;* it is however, a false and vulgar prejudice: we see on the contrary, that the great painters of every age, have met with patronage and encouragement, and have been more or less wealthy.

Cuyp.

If we recur back to the lives of those who have rendered themselves celebrated, we shall not find that ministers of state, the most renowned generals or admirals, have received more honours, or have been in their illustrious career, rewarded with larger fortunes than those of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, and so many others that we could name. Every age has witnessed the different Sovereigns, the Pontiffs, Cardinals, the great and opulent men of every state, eager to honour and enrich the painter, whose merit they have been made acquainted with.

* As poor as a painter.

The possession of a pallette and a pencil, does not however constitute an artist, as the generality of the profession seem to believe; it is one of those difficult acquirements by intense application, and which admits of no middle degrees of merit, for they must either attain the summit of the art, or sink into obscurity. Mediocrity is unknown in painting, and is on a level with ignorance, since they are equally incapable of producing a good picture. *Cuyp.*

It is indeed to that numerous class called *Mediocrity*, we must attribute the many pictures with which we swarm, which compose the exhibitions daily made in every street of the metropolis, and the innumerable public sales in which, amongst a very few objects worthy the connoisseur's attention, and under the cloak of three or four good pictures, so many indifferent ones, and so many daubs are brought forward—but such as they are, they find auctioneers to puff, and fools to buy.

However though painting has always been encouraged, it has sometimes happened, as it frequently does in every situation of life, that the most splendid abilities are unknown and unrewarded: and such was the fate of Cuyp, to which perhaps he himself contributed in a great measure, for such was his attachment to Dort, his native place, that he formed the resolution of passing his life there, and studying in the environs of that town, the views with which he has embellished his works.

Cuyp.

As his father had left him a small independency, he paid no regard for a considerable time, to the small prices his works were sold for, till at length he determined on sending them to Harlaem, Utrecht, and other towns of Holland; but the same fate attended them, because even first-rate merit requires patronage and support, to be made known and exalted.

Cuyp, far from being discouraged, formed the resolution so worthy of himself, of redoubling his efforts, to

obtain from posterity, those honours which were denied him, by his cotemporaries, and to which he was so justly entitled from his abilities;—it was reserved to the English nation, to have the merit of bringing them to light, and to give his works the high reputation they are now held in.

For a considerable period after his death, his works experienced the fate they had ever met with, in his life time; they continued in the private houses of the Hollanders, covered with filth and dirt, not considered as cabinet pictures but merely fit to supply the place of furniture, 'till at length, sometime about the year 1740, a native of Switzerland, called *Grand Jean*, who resided in London, but made frequent excursions to Holland, for the purpose of selling watches and scissars, of English manufacture, returned with ten or twelve landscapes of Cuyp. *Cuyp.*

His speculation was attended with every success, as their clear and silvery tints were universally admired; for not-

withstanding pictures may possess great merit, the English view them with indifference if they are dark or sombre.

Grand Jean, who had received those pictures in exchange for his merchandize, sold them at low prices, but in fact with so much profit to himself, that emboldened by his success, he collected another assortment of watches, and other wares, and returned a second time from Holland, with many pictures of the same master.

Cuyp.

His advantages on this exchange, were so considerable, as to induce Mr. Blackwood, of Soho-square, a man of taste, and a judge of the art, to repair to Amsterdam himself, where he was fortunate enough to purchase some *chef d'œuvres* of Cuyp's, which he sold to Sir Lawrence Dundas on his return.

In a short time, the French dealers, an ingenious set of men, who understand the traffic of pictures, better than any other people, hearing of the great success which had attended the works of a master till then unknown, over-ran

all Holland for the purpose of collecting them; but the Dutch, who are not easily duped, surprized at the eager and constantly renewed demands for them, at length began to open their eyes, and to find out beauties in those *chef d'œuvres* which had so long surrounded them, unregarded; their value immediately increased, and the pictures of Cuyp were removed from the hall to the drawing-room. *Cuyp.*

Since that time, connoisseurs have been unanimous in their praise of them, and they have been sought for with such avidity, that a work which fifty years ago, sold for five guineas, will readily now fetch five hundred.

The fore-ground of this, represents the highway, on the right of which, is a shepherdess, dressed in blue, a straw hat on her head, and her crook in her hand; she is walking in conversation with a countryman mounted on a mule loaded with panniers, who seems to be passing by chance—a beautiful cluster of trees is in the centre, at the foot of

which are two shepherds surrounded with sheep and their dogs—the left is enriched with shrubs and bushes, lining the bank of a river which is on the other side of the road, and in which two men
Cuyp. thrown rather into the back-ground, are angling.

At some little distance from them, are other figures at the door of a cottage beautifully surrounded by trees. The next objects are some mountains, which are detachedwith a masterly hand from a warm and silvery sky of the most fascinating effect.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 143.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

One cannot refrain indulging a wish for the country, while considering this *morceau*, which traces nature in one of her happiest scenes, offering a gay, extended landscape, and immense sky, whose silvery masses float on the calmest breezes.

In the back-ground, a chalky uneven soil, covered with a few scanty blades of grass, is occupied by three peasants conversing; and not far from them, a flock of sheep are feeding.

On the right, two goats are browsing on a sand bank, bordered with shrubs---a river glides on the farther side; the left is enriched with a tree, at the foot of which, in an inclosure, is a group of cattle. *Cuyp.*

We are not sensible of exaggeration, when we assert, that if ever a cabinet picture has united in itself, the perfections of the art, it is the present one.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 144.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

The composition is that of a rich landscape, enamelled with the finest verdure, and in which, detached and finely contrasted with the sky, are a group of cattle. One cow only, pic-

turesquely spotted black and white, is standing; the others of different colours, are lying down in happily diversified attitudes.

On the right of the picture, is the principal point of light, and not far from the cows, a peasant dressed in a red jacket, and with his knapsack, is standing and leaning on his stick---his dog is behind him, while he is conversing with a woman sitting by him, and dressed in a red corset and straw hat; a little girl is standing opposite to her, her head covered with a stuff bonnet, and holding her hands under her apron. The figures are likewise well contrasted with the sky.

Cuyp.

More retired, an old oak ornaments the banks of a river, in which several vessels are under sail; and beyond them appears a small island, with a tower and other buildings, losing themselves in the distance.

The immediate fore-ground is filled with varied herbs and shrubs, which combining with a fascinating, harmonious sky, adds fresh beauties to the performance.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 145.

A small Landscape with Cattle & Figures.

On the right, a tree extends it's light and exquisitely delicate foliage, contrasted with a warm, animated sky. At it's foot some sheep are lying, and others grazing; in the centre, there are two beautiful cows, on an elevated spot of the finest verdure, and a luxuriant *Cuyp.* shrubbery; one of them, spotted black and white, is lying on the ground, the other is of a red colour, and both of them are masterly designed.

The secondary objects are some small buildings, surrounded by young trees—at the door of one of them, (a thatched cottage) an old man is giving charity to a poor woman, near whom a little boy is standing, and she is carrying an infant in her arms. The whole has the most captivating effect.

ON PANNEL.

This, for it's tone of colouring, size, and high finishing, reminds us of another small, but exquisite picture of Cuyp, which Mr. Blythe, of Dean-street, bought for a few shillings, from a milkwoman who lives in the neighbourhood of Moorfields.

Cuyp. Being in want of a sign, she was carrying a board to a man who had agreed to paint her a cow for five shillings, when she met a broker's wife, who said her husband had just brought home, amongst some old furniture, such a sign, on which were painted *a boy driving some cows and sheep*, but as it was not new, she would let her friend have it for half the price the painter was to receive, and on the same day, the sign was nailed over the milkwoman's cellar window, where it remained 'till Blythe (who being an auctioneer, had frequently business in Moorfields) stopped there by chance, took notice of it, and by the help of his glass, was soon convinced that the sign was the work of Cuyp, whose name he found upon it,

and for fifteen shillings, he obtained it with many thanks beside.

BY THE SAME.

No. 146.

The Inside of a Stable.

This is one of those places covered with stubble, that are found near almost all the great farms in Flanders and Holland; there, they bring their goats and sheep, to pass the night; there, the shepherd sleeps; and there the poultry is perched: it is also in that place the farmers keep their utensils. *Cuyp.*

In the interior, is seen a young girl in a red petticoat, and with a basket on her arm, departing from the stable, and she is followed by a young man who carries his crook on his shoulder; four sheep are behind them, and above, a cock and some hens are perched; there is also a milk-pan turned down on the ground, with some other utensils.

All the amateurs have agreed that this is one of the finest works of Cuyp; ---we never saw any more preciously finished.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 147.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

Cuyp. Upon an eminence, to the left, we see a group of cows, some standing, others lying down, and a man on horseback, followed by a little boy. The right is occupied by a piece of water; and in the front of the picture, are scattered some roots and beautiful foliage. A small hill, covered with trees, is seen on the second ground; and at the distance, we distinguish ruins detached from one of the finest skies the master has ever painted; but unfortunately this picture, painted on pannel, is split, and though it is secured behind, with plates of iron, to prevent the pannel opening, the accident is still visible.

ON PANNEL.

BY THE SAME.

No. 148.

A small Landscape with Cattle.

This cabinet picture offers us a simple view from nature, of an effect equally piquant and picturesque—we see upon an eminence a red and white cow, lying down upon the grass, and near her another cow spotted black and white, standing; on the left, some palisades, entwined with briars; and upon he fore-ground, some large stones, and different leafage; the right of the picture, presents a piece of clear and silvery water, where a vapourous and transparent sky is reflected, and against which, some branches of the arbustus are detached; the left presents an edifice, and an agreeable distance. *Cuyp.*

ON PANNEL.

WILLIAM VANDERVELDT, born at Amsterdam, 1633.

No. 149.

Two small Sea Pieces.

This is another artist who holds the very first place in the branch of painting which he has adopted.—Let the subject of a picture, be what it will, as soon as we find in the performance, those qualities which constitute a master, we see the hand of a great man, for it is then evident, that the painter has surmounted the difficulties of the art, and risen of course above mediocrity; therefore, 'tis not requisite that he should become *a Raphael* or *a Poussin*, to attain the summit, for he is as great in his line, as they were in their own, as soon as his works receive the same degree of perfection, which those masters have given to their's.

Although collectors may have a partiality for subjects, they are all equally

indifferent to the true judge and amateur, who being only in search of merit, finds it out, and admires it in any performance whatever; therefore while the multitude are crowding before a large daub, he is frequently in extacy before a small picture, in a solitary corner:—but the multitude are always beholding pictures with two eyes only, and the connoisseur looks at them with three. *Vandervelde.*

One of these, is a sea view, in a perfect calm, in which some frigates and other vessels, are finely contrasted with a brilliant silvery sky.

The other represents a storm, where the restless billows are beating a ship against a rock, with destructive violence; a lowering sky adds to the horror of the scene.

BY THE SAME.

No. 150.

A large Sea Piece.

This, truly one of the most capital performances of the master, offers us a

view of the sea, in a brisk gale, with a variety of shipping.

EMANUEL DEWITT, born at Alcmaer, 1607.

No. 151.

The Inside of a Church in Holland.

This artist was not only an excellent painter, but also a great architect, and besides his painting on canvas and panel for cabinets, he painted equally well upon glass, and it is by him the windows of St. John at Ghent, are painted.

Notwithstanding he was a very corpulent man, he would frequently climb up high ladders, and as he was one day, putting up some of his painted glass, at one of the windows of that church, the frame gave way, and Dewitt falling into the street, from so great a height, would inevitably have been killed, if a man, who was removing his furniture, had not passed there, by the greatest chance, loaded with bedding, on which he

artist fell; but the porter was crushed under him, and did not survive the accident above two hours. Dewitt escaped totally unhurt.

The art here, offers us a *chef d'œuvre* of architecture and perspective, which is not darkened and obstructed by a mass of paintings, statues, and monuments, as churches in general are—the eye passes without interruption through a vast edifice which the day enlightens, and the tranquility and simplicity of which, are truly enchanting;—the bottom of the church, presents a numerous congregation attentive to a sermon, and these figures, correctly drawn and artfully disposed, are painted with as much spirit as truth. *Dewitt.*

We see, on the left, towards the centre of the picture, the preacher in his pulpit, surrounded by a numerous audience of both sexes. The women are ranged on one side, and the men on the other, having their hats on. At some distance from the pulpit, by the large pillar, are two churchwardens in

their pew—the beadle dressed after the old Spanish manner, is standing near. On the right, are benches fronting the pulpit, filled also with figures.

Towards the centre, are two youths coming forward; and at the entrance of the church, a mother and a daughter, who coming late, seem hastening to join the congregation. According to the custom of that time, in Holland, the young people are dressed in different colours, and the men and women in black.

Dewitt.

ON CANVAS.

Job Berkeyden was so struck with the works of Dewitt, that he devoted himself, through admiration of them, to painting architecture, a line in which he succeeded to a certain degree, and it is probable he might have become one of the first painters of his school, had he not had the misfortune in his youth, to have a dream which interrupted his studies, and embittered the remainder of his days.

Descamps informs us he dreamt that he was raised up to heaven, amidst the

acclamations of his countrymen; and this he augured so much in his favour, that he redoubled his application to study, firmly persuaded that his progress in painting, would raise him above all his cotemporary artists; and the idea of his future glory, inspired most of his moments with cheerfulness; but our Dutch dreamer, not contented with his first dream, the following year, and on the same night, saw himself, like a second Absalom, hung to a tree, by the hair of his head, which, in the superstitious age in which he lived, met with so many fearful interpretations, that poor Job Berkeyden lost all hopes of future grandeur, and every pleasing prospect vanished; he now became so extremely timid, that every noise shook him with convulsions. He dreaded, and every moment believed that the officers of justice were in search of him: however he attained an advanced age, without the accomplishment of either of his dreams; for his reputation did not extend beyond the marshes of his country, *Dewitt.*

and returning home one evening, he fell into the Brewers' canal, near Harlaem, and instead of being hanged was drowned.

ADAM PYNAKER, born at Pynaker, 1621.

No. 152.

Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

When this painter had finished his studies in Rome, he stopped, in his return from Italy, on the Alps and in Switzerland, for the purpose of taking views, providing himself with a guide, as he penetrated into the most desart and isolated parts of the mountains.

While he was one day taking a view far advanced among the precipices, his guide, being much fatigued, lay down near him, to take a short sleep; but the artist intent only on his work, advanced insensibly, among the rocks, and attempting to regain his companion, lost himself in a labyrinth.

Pynaker and his guide sought for and called to each other in vain; and the more they think of approaching each other, the wider they separate;—the terrors of the artist (who was however provided with some little food) may be easily conceived.—Forty-eight hours had elapsed, and he began to abandon himself to despair, when was indebted to a cow for his deliverance. *Pynaker.*

In the death-like silence which reigned over the awful beauties of savage nature which surrounded him, Pynaker thought he heard the sound of a bell, which at first, caused the most lively emotions—he listened attentively, and again heard the sound, but more faintly—he endeavoured to gain it, but it was no more. At length night drew on, when worn with anxiety and fatigue, he resigned himself to rest.—Day-break had barely appeared, when he was awoke by the sound of a bell, at a very little distance from him, which he soon discovered to be attached to the neck of a cow that was grazing near him.

Pynaker felt new life at that sight, and resolved to follow the animal which was soon joined by two others, and shortly after by their owner, who came to milk them.

Pynaker. This is one of those small pictures in which (as all writers agree) Pynaker excelled, and we owe him the justice of adding, that we have also seen large landscapes from his pencil, of the first merit.

This represents a view taken in the mountains of Switzerland, where nature, in a savage and uncultivated state, shews herself under that picturesque aspect which our eyes are not accustomed to.

To the right, at the bottom of the picture, are seen some large pieces of rock; and in the middle of the picture, water, part of which is hid from the sight by stones and bushes. On the left, is a man leading two mules, upon one of which a woman is seated.

On one side of the second ground, is seen a rugged road, with a man carry-

ing a sack, who is climbing up, and seems suspended between heaven an earth. On this second ground, which is of a considerable eminence, the eye enjoys the sight of some old firs, near which a man is leading some cattle to graze.

The third ground offers another eminence, which commands this, and is twice as considerable. In the centre of the picture, between the first and second ground, is seen a man; and to the left, a cultivated country, with fine poplars, and a distance which gives pleasure to the eye. *Pynaker.*

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 153.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

This is another view taken in a mountainous country; the right and foreground are filled with trees; and in the centre, is a huntsman carrying some game and a fuzee on his shoulder.

On the second ground we discover on a steep road, a peasant mounted on an ass, and leading a cow. There is also another entering the road, coming forward with some cattle, and the distance presents some high mountains.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 154.

A Landscape and Figures.

Pynaker

Some trees of the finest form, are growing to the right of the picture, and on the left, some old firs, on this side of which is raised a stone fountain. The water falls into a large bason, which the chissel has also cut in the stone, and a man is there drawing water. In the centre of the picture, three others are on horseback.

On the other side, we see some firs and other trees, with some goats dispersed here and there, and a high mountain well detached from a warm and

transparent sky. The fore-ground is embellished with large stones, leaves, briars, and large trunks of trees that the wind has broken.

ON CANVAS.

So great was the fertility of this master's genius, that although all his compositions presents scenes of desart, uncultivated nature, they never resemble each other, nor has he ever repeated the same subject: indeed but very few artists have done it, and when they did so, it was generally with such alterations, that two pictures alike do not exist. *Dewitt.*

As to copies, although the vulgar may find them perfect resemblances of the originals, the connoisseur easily sees the difference; so that whilst gold and silver, pearls and diamonds, the most precious articles of furniture, all the other objects of luxury, the most difficult compositions in music, or the productions of eminent writers, are alike possessed by many men in common, the

owner of an original picture boasts the exclusive possession of it, with the happy privilege of permitting others to enjoy it as well as himself, without diminishing it's value or it's merit.

All those prodigalities daily made in a riotous tavern, those costly attendances at tumultuous meetings, and those sumptuous dinners, overcrowded with unwholesome dainties, like the table of Guildhall on a Lord Mayor's day, afford so momentary and unstable gratifications, that the remembrance of them is only excited on the morrow, by a regret for the expence, or the anguish of an head-ache; but the acquisition of a good picture, gives a pleasure as lasting as it is creditable and innocent, not only to the purchaser, but to his posterity for ages; and 'till taste becomes unknown, the proprietor sees in it, the money it has cost, as he sees one hundred pounds sterling in the bank note he carries in his pocket.

Dewitt.

BY THE SAME.

No. 155.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

This is again a view taken in the mountains, and painted with that boldness and spirit which characterize the works of this master. The right of the picture, presents a group of cattle, cows, goats and sheep, near which a woman suckling her child, is sitting—at her side is a young girl standing and holding under her arm, a large faggot of wood; on the same side, on the second ground, we see some very high mountains. *Dewitt.*

The left offers to our view, some old trees, and other mountains crowned with wild shrubs, and at the foot, there is a road, upon which is seen a cart, and a woman mounted upon an ass, coming to water her cows and sheep, at a piece of water, which is on the fore-ground.

ON CANVAS.

LUDOLF BACKHUYSEN, born at Embden, 1631.

No. 156.

A Sea Piece.

This artist never surpassed, but frequently equalled young Vandervelde; —almost all the Princes of Europe were eager to procure his works, so that he accumulated a fortune superior to any other marine painter. He had the honour of having for a pupil, the Czar Peter the Great, who not content with learning the nautical art, wished to design and paint sea pieces, and that he might perfectly fulfil the duties of a scholar, his Imperial Majesty insisted on setting his master's palette.

The sea in this picture, is seen violently agitated through the hazy atmosphere; in the centre of it, is a Dutch man of war, from which a gun has just been fired; a frigate, and some boats filled with sailors, occupy the right; and a fishing smack under sail, and another

frigate, are indistinctly seen through the mist, on the left.

It is avowedly one of the choicest works of this celebrated master.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 157.

A Sea View.

It represents the sea in a brisk gale, and is painted with uncommon spirit.

ON CANVAS.

JOHN WYNANTS, born at Harlaem, 1600,

No. 158.

A Landscape with Figures.

Whenever Wynants, in his infancy, committed a fault, his mother always threatened him with ghosts, and would frequently repeat the most frightful

stories of them, in his hearing, for the pupose of intimidating him, which made so strong an impression on his mind, that even an advanced age could not efface it.

He would often awake suddenly in the night, believing that he had been struggling with spirits, and as soon as the evening approached, he would not enter a room, without being accompanied by his wife;—we may readily suppose who was the domestic commander in chief; but we can with difficulty, reconcile so much pusillanimity with the boldness of design, and the spirit which reign through his works.

Wynants.

The right of the picture, offers to our view a terrace, upon which is a group of trees, and below, the trunk of a tree thrown down, some thistles, briars, and other leafage; in the centre, are seated a man and a woman, with their child, and a dog near them; on the left we see a piece of water which serpentines and loses itself in the country.

The second ground presents on one side, a little hill, where a man, who car-

ries a basket on his back, is reposing himself; a huntsman going off with his dogs; and upon the summit, another huntsman on horseback, with several other figures:—to the left also of the second ground, we find on the brink of the river, two men fishing with their lines, under the shade of a group of trees; and fields in the distance. The figures are by Van Tulden.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME & ADRIAN VANDERVELDE

No. 159.

A Landscape with Figures.

It is one of those small pictures of the master, which are so remarkable for their delicacy and high finishing. The left and centre of it, represents a sandy rising ground, scantily covered with grass, and on it are two old trees, whose roots by the sand having given way, are partly exposed. Further back,

we see the fences of a meadow, with a range of trees breaking from a light vapourous sky.

Towards the bottom, on the right, a sportsman is resting himself upon his gun, and conversing with a woman, who has a basket on her arm; whilst more in the fore-ground, a man loaded with a sack, advances towards the rising ground: on the same side but more retired, are other trees, through an opening of which a beautiful back-ground is seen, losing itself in the horizon.

The fore-ground, like most of the pictures of Wynants, is enriched with the trunk of a tree lying on the ground, with several shrubs and bushes of the most masterly execution, and producing the finest effect.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME and LINGLEBACK.

No. 160.

View from Nature, with Cattle & Figures.

This is one of those scarce pictures, in which the scite is so varied, and se-

ductive objects so prevalent, that we find it impossible to detail them; we shall therefore content ourselves with observing that the ground, the water, the trees, and the sky, are of the finest execution, and the utmost high finish—a number of cows, horses, and figures, by Lingleback, add to the merit of the picture.

ON CANVAS.

LE DUC.

No. 161.

The Interior of a Spanish Corp de Garde.

It is a composition of seven figures—on the right, two men are seated at play, whilst the others stand round them, as spectators of the game; and amongst them, in the centre of the picture, is an officer: a drum is suspended on the wall, on the left, which is also occupied by a cask and several utensils.

The unrivalled excellence of the artist, in these subjects, is universally known,

and this work is in every respect, worthy the high reputation he is held in.

ON PANNEL.

We have not been able to find the natal place and the year of this master's birth, nor any account of him whatever, in the different authors we have consulted. We only recollect having read, in an old French magazine, that he was born in Holland, a relative of John Leduc, the landscape painter, from whom he had the first rudiments in the art, and that notwithstanding his great abilities, he was so addicted to drinking, as to neglect, frequently, his profession, which made him labour under much distress, at times.

Le Duc.

"While Leduc (says the magazine) lived at Amsterdam, he went once, to a tavern, where he bespoke a good dinner, and had the best liquors in the house; but when his bill was brought, the hostess finding that he had no money, fell into a violent fit of passion, and getting hold of the artist by the beard,

swore she would pluck every hair of it, if she was not paid.

"The noise soon brought the landlord, with the waiters and other servants of the family; so that the poor painter was beset from every quarter, 'till he thought of an expedient to extricate himself.

"He requested half a sheet of paper, which was immediately brought, with pen and ink, as they imagined he was going to apply to a friend for some money; but as Leduc had not a single friend on whom he could draw, he drew two or three figures on that paper, and had it carried to a collector, who cheerfully paid for it, four ducats, at the sight of which, both the landlord and landlady became equally amazed and civil." *Le Duc.*

ADRIAN VANDERVELDE, born at Amsterdam, 1639.

No. 162.

An upright Landscape, with Cattle and Figures.

When his father took him as a pupil to Wynants, he carried with him, some

papers on which the youth had amused himself, in sketching out trees, cattle, &c. As they had been left on the table, Wynants's wife saw them, and told him, *You think you have taken a scholar, but you will find you have taken your master.*

Notwithstanding the extreme scarcity of this master's works, so celebrated in the Dutch school, we have had the good fortune to obtain four of them for this collection, at the period when the French Nobility fled their country, with such pictures as they could bring off with them. Those of Vandervelde, are rarely to be met with, not only on account of the avidity of connoisseurs to possess them, but from his dying so young, at the early age of thirty-three, and during that short space, a considerable part of his time, was occupied in filling up the works of other landscape painters, with his figures.

Vandervelde.

The fore-ground of this, represents a sheet of water, in which two cows, a goat, and sheep are watering; a country woman bare-legged, dressed in a blue corset and petticoat, is stepping into it,

to fill a pitcher, which she holds, with water, while a countryman, who is mounted on a white horse, is speaking to her.

More retired on the right, we observe ruins partly surrounded, and partly concealed by shrubberies; and towards the centre, at the declivity of a hill, beautifully clothed with trees, two pilgrims are seated, one of whom is extending his hat to, and receiving charity from a country-woman who is passing, mounted on an ass. *Vandervelde.*

The back-ground is ornamented with trees on one side, and a hill on the other, covered with a luxuriant verdure, affording ample food to a flock of sheep which are grazing on it;—the retired mountains break in perfect harmony, from a beautiful expanse of sky.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 163.

Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

Adrian was not only celebrated for his landscapes, but distinguished him-

self in the historical line, and introduced poetical subjects into his landscapes, with the greatest success. The present picture is an instance of it—it represents a young woman in armour, leading a horse from which she appears to have just dismounted, and is speaking to an old shepherd, who is guarding his herd of cattle and sheep.

Vandervelde. We do not recollect any fable corresponding with the present subject;—perhaps the artist has meant to represent Pallas, the guardian goddess of agriculture, extending her cares indiscriminately to all it's various branches.

The natural beauties of this enchanting landscape, are effected in the most masterly execution.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 164.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

The fore-ground of this picture, is occupied by a sheet of water; on it's

banks, are a young shepherd and shepherdess---she is dressed in blue and yellow, and is sitting on the trunk of a tree, her feet in the water, while she drinks out of a goblet she holds with both her hands; the young man is standing near her, dressed in red; a light brown cow is drawing towards them, apparently lowing. At a little distance, another cow, and some sheep are reclining on a mossy bank, while the scene is greatly heightened by a grey cow, in the natural action of rubbing herself against one of the trees, in the more retired part of the picture. *Vandervelde.*

ON CANVAS.

The companion picture to this, is of equal beauty, but we have recently withdrawn it from the collection, to restore the same to the gentleman who had sold it in distress.

He was one of those respectable emigrants, who being victims of their attachment to their sovereign, have done the greatest honour to human nature, by the dignified philosophy with which

they have borne adversity, and who, during their stay here, have proved how truly deserving they were of an asylum, and of that extraordinary generosity with which (to the astonishment and admiration of the world) it has pleased Great Britain to support them.

Vandervelde.

A calm having at length succeeded the most tempestuous occurrences, religion so long estranged from the French, has returned amongst them, and raises scruples in the peasantry, as to the propriety of retaining the properties and estates that they purchased at very low prices, while their owners, under the dread of Robespierre and the guillotine, left them; those owners now recover them for what they have cost their present possessors, and it is through that resource, that this emigrant, formerly a man of eminence in France, is endeavouring, from his great love to the art, to recover those pictures, he had disposed of.

Once more therefore, a prospect of happiness beams over France as well as England; and while we have to express

our gratitude to our late ministers, for unrelaxed attention and the devotion of their exalted abilities to the difficult means of continuing a war, that has covered Great-Britain with glory, and preserved her privileges and commerce; we are alike bound to return our acknowledgements to our present ministers, for having accomplished the still more difficult task of making peace—but we have not here to do with peace or war—our subject is pictures.

JOHN VAN HUGTENBURGH,
Born at Harlaem, 1646.

No. 165.

A Horse Fair in the Environs of Rome.

It is well known how fond the Czar, Peter the Great was of the sea, and that being determined to learn the nautical art, he lived in our ports, as a sailor, to acquire the manœuvring of a ship. Having frequently heard Hugtenburgh

spoken of as a great painter of battles, he asked for some of his works, but the Emperor who expected they were sea fights, was much surprized at seeing them, and said he was determined to have no other than sea fights: Princes however will differ in taste, like others, for as the King of Poland was fond of horses, his Majesty particularly recommended the purchase of the works of those masters most celebrated for painting them, and it is for that reason, there are found in this collection, two battles, with several pictures of Wouvermans and Vandermeulen.

Hugtenburgh.

Knowing how much Hugtenburg had distinguished himself in these subjects, by painting for Prince Eugene, his protector, the sieges made by the great Duke of Marlborough, and the different battles he won, we thought it proper to procure one of his works.

The composition consists of nineteen figures, and twenty-two horses, on a spot near the city of Rome, which is seen at a distance.

ON CANVAS.

It is but a few years ago, that another capital performance of this master has been sold in Mr. Christie's room, the justly famed place for sales of pictures, by auction, since most of the best and genuine collections brought to the hammer in this country, have been, and continue, to be sold there.

DE VLIEGER.

No. 166.

A Sea Piece.

There is a class of men, who possessing by chance, some good pictures, believe themselves connoisseurs, assume the air of critics, and armed with the formidable terms *design*, *colouring*, *transparency*, *outline*, and others which they have learnt from the virtuoso who visit their collections, they repeat them like parrots, to acquire a consequence in the eyes of those who happen to be more ignorant than themselves.—Such

an instance was exhibited in the person of little Doctor C——, whom many of us, have known: he had inherited some good pictures, and had learned by heart many terms of the art, believed every thing of the old school, excellent, and held every production of the modern, in the most sovereign contempt.

Vlieger. When the sea piece, which is before us, was brought from Holland, into this country, it was in a case, had an ebony frame, and was very dirty. The proprietor deposited it at Doctor Brag's, of Kensington, among other amateurs who went to see it, was Doctor C——; he bestowed excessive praises on the picrure, and mortified some artists who were present, by saying that the art was lost, and all the modern productions were mere daubs.

A marine painter who happened to be there, begged Dr. Brag's permission to copy De Vlieger's work; and as soon as the copy was dry, it was dirtied, put into the case and ebony frame of the original, which had been cleaned and placed

in a new one, after which Dr. C. was invited to another visit to Kensington.

Our self-created connoisseur examined with the greatest attention, the original, which was placed in the gilt frame, and which he took for the copy, and having pronounced it a very indifferent one, he enlarged on the beauties of the other, pointing out particular parts that possessed particular merit, and believing his praises bestowed upon the original. But when the bursts of laughter of the company, led him to discover his error, his rage was vented on the unfortunate copy, which was cut by him into pieces, and for which he was obliged to pay the artist who had painted it. *Vlieger.*

This represents the sea extremely calm, in one of those fine summer days, when a clear and brilliant sky, reflected in the water, makes us enjoy from the shore, the two grand spectacles of nature.

We see in this, two fishing boats, filled with a variety of figures, whilst a Dutch fisherman, in boots, is advancing on the shore. At a distance, a number

of boats are moving off, while the right of the picture, shews us two frigates at anchor.

Whether we examine the graceful forms and positions of the vessels, the correctness of the drawing, the lightness of the clouds, the transparency of the colouring, or the lovely gradation of the distance, we must acknowledge that it is one of De Vlieger's best pictures.

ON PANNEL.

ADRIAN BROUWER, born at Harlaem, 1608.

No. 167.

It is well known that this painter was a man of very low extraction, and that his mother had been a washerwoman; but such is the advantage of the fine arts, that as soon as a youth enters that career, let his origin be what it may, he ranks with gentlemen, because the same capacity which qualifies him for a liberal profession, enables him also to acquire a liberal education, which was the case with Brouwer, to whom Rubens was so attached, that he lodged him in

his own house, where he had placed several of Brouwer's pictures.

When one day after dinner, pedigree was made the topic of conversation, every one of the company traced a long genealogy, and when it came to Brouwer to speak, he confessed that he could not boast of a distant pedigree; *Yet*, said he, pointing to the pictures in the room, *I am one of God's nobility, and those are my letters patent.* Brouwer.

In the interior of a Dutch room, people are drinking and smoaking; and at the centre of the table, an old corpulent man seated in a straw chair, holds a pipe with one hand, and a jug of beer in the other, whilst by his side, a man half intoxicated, is laying his hand on his shoulder, and raising a glass to drink his health. Opposite to them a young boy, with his hat on, and white trowsers, is lying on the ground and looking at him.

Behind them, to the right of the picture, three or four intoxicated Dutchmen are diverting themselves round a

barrel, upon which one of them attempts to read a gazette; and upon the fore-ground, a child lying down, is making a cat eat out of a pot.

This little cabinet piece will always be placed among the first pictures of the master.

ON PANNEL.

CORNELIUS POELEMBERG, born at Utrecht, 1586.

No. 168.

A View in the Environs of Italy.

Rubens had the greatest friendship for this artist, and used say, *If I were not Rubens, I should wish to be Pœlemberg.* As a further proof of his esteem, he had in his own collection, as many pictures of Pœlemberg as he could obtain, as appears by his catalogue. The left of the picture, presents a rock, from whence issues a cascade of water, and in the centre, a herdsman with some goats and sheep.

On the right, two other figures descending on the plain, with a loaded mule, and some goats; and in the distance, a chain of mountains detached from a vapourous and transparent sky.

ON COPPER.

One of the finest works of this master, and which passes for his *chef d'œuvre*, represents a landscape with nymphs bathing. It formerly belonged to a saddler of Brussels, who, like Laurent Gelée, whom we have before mentioned, would never dispose of it, because it had descended to him from his friends. It is not unusual to see our nobility part without scruple, with every thing, to the last diamond, that they have inherited from their family: but in general, the middling ranks of life, venerate the little they have received from their forefathers. The saddler however dispossessed himself at length, of his picture, but in a manner highly honourable to his feelings. *Pælemburg.*

Some years before the French had invaded the Low Countries, they were governed by the Emperor Francis's brother, Prince Charles de Lorraine, whom his goodness, unaffected simplicity, and amiable manners, had rendered the idol of the Flemings.

A wound which the Prince received by accident, in the leg, threatened the most serious consequences, and after having baffled every means of restoration, his life was declared in danger, which occasioned the Flemings such an alarm, that it seemed as if they had all been on the eve of losing a tender father, and with him their whole happiness.

Palemburg.

But although the voice of court sycophants and interested flatterers, does not ascend to heaven, heaven hears and never rejects the voice of a grateful people, united in supplications for a beloved prince in illness and affliction.

Mr. Morand, a skilful surgeon whom the French King had created knight of the grand order of St. Michael, was sent for from Paris, and through his

abilities, care, and attention, the prince was not only snatched from danger, but in the course of three weeks or a month, so far re-established as to be able to walk.

So great was the joy of the people, on this occasion, that as Mr. Morand, one evening, entered a box at the play-house, he was no sooner seen, than the piece was interrupted by the applause thundered on him, by the audience ;—the noise within excited the curiosity of those without, and the neighbourhood of the theatre began illuminating for him ; the enthusiasm gained like wild-fire, and in less than an hour, the illumination became general throughout the extensive city of Brussels; and the surgeon who had saved their Prince, was drawn home in triumph, by the people amidst their thanks and blessings: but the gratitude of the saddler was carried still further. *Palemburg.*

As he let part of his house, out in lodgings, Mr. Morand had frequently been there, to visit one of his friends,

and having seen the picture of Pœlemberg, was so captivated with it, that he had made many vain endeavours to purchase it; but the respect and attachment of the old saddler, for Prince Charles, were so high, that they induced him to do, out of gratitude to Mr. Morand, that which interest could not; for he no sooner learnt that Mr. Morand was preparing to return to Paris, than he inclosed his picture in a small case, and unknown to him, prevailed on a servant, to put it at the bottom of one of his trunks; and the surgeon on his arrival at France, was equally surprized and pleased to find himself in possession of a work he had so ardently wished for, and he wrote to inform Prince Charles of it, who was extremely affected by the unequivocal proofs of that attachment the Flemings had for him.

Pœlemburg.

CHEVALIER ADRIAN VANDERWERF,

Born at Rotterdam, 1659.

No. 169.

The Judgment of Paris.

Different authors have mentioned this picture, which comes from the Orleans collection: and Descamps in his lives of painters, informs us, that it was painted for the Duke of Orléans, while that Prince was regent of France, and even mentions the price he paid for it, about eighty-five years ago.

So many have made the eulogium of this performance, in the course of that century, that it is in vain for us to attempt it; but we beg leave to give Sir Joshua Reynolds's opinion of it.

He was not so partial as most collectors, to the works of Vanderwerf, tho' he did not wonder at the high prices paid for them, on account of their sweetness and scarcity; but Sir Joshua could not be reconciled to the carnations of that master's figures, pretend-

ing that they had more the appearance of ivory than flesh; and he used to say that the only one of his pictures he knew free from that defect, was *the Judgment of Paris*, which he had seen in France, in company with his friend Mr. Burke.—*In that work*, said Sir Joshua, *Vanderwerf has shewn himself a great Italian master, in the three goddesses, which in every sense of the word*, added he; *are goddesses indeed*. And he particularly admired the uncommon decency with which the subject was treated, adding, *that when an inferior artist treats the naked, modesty is sure to be alarmed at the performance*.

Vanderwerf.

It is asserted that in the whole course of his life, Vanderwerf has not painted above sixty pictures, even including those in the Dusseldorff gallery. Such others, as go under his name, are copies of his works, or done from the chevalier's designs, by his brother *Peter*, who was also an artist of merit.

The composition presents six figures —Paris, who is partly covered with a

blue drapery, is seated to the right of the picture, on the fore-ground, his crook and stick lying by him.

Mercury, who comes to bring him the golden apple, with the three Graces, is standing behind him, whilst Juno, whose head is bound with a circle of gold, and her shoulders covered with a lilac drapery, takes the lead as the first goddess, and is standing near Paris.

Minerva is on the left, with a helmet on her head, her arms bound with gold bracelets, and is partly covered with a drapery also of lilac colour. *Vanderwerf*

Venus is between them, having no other ornaments than her long fair hair; a little Cupid, at whose side hangs a quiver, is near his mother, wearing her blue drapery, and at her feet, are her two doves caressing.

Already Venus impatient, and assured of victory, holds out her hand to Paris, to receive the apple, but the young shepherd whom equity directs, prudently withdraws his, and will not

give it, 'till after a more strict examination.

ON PANNEL.

It is well known that no individual ever possessed so many pictures of Vanderwerf, as the late Sir Gregory Page, of Blackheath; when his collection was sold, one of them, was purchased for the purpose of exporting to France, where it was shewn to the Queen, who expressed a higher gratification in seeing it, than she had ever received by any painting whatever before.

Vanderwerf.

In consequence, directions were immediately given to buy up all the works of Vanderwerf, that could be procured in France, but unlike happy fated Britain (where through commerce, the genial source of riches, and under the best balanced constitution, almost every man may boast some wealth, and where many commoners by their places, riches, and consequence in the state, vie with the first nobility) France, under it's antient government, had a nobility, who

despising those who were not nobles, kept no intercourse with them; and wealth there, was divided between the principal lords, the monks, and the priests, while the inferior ranks of that nobility, had but a small patrimony, and the commoners, an ample share of contempt, poverty and labour, with the burthen of taxes; therefore as the princes and ministers of France, with a few of the most considerable of the state, were the only possessors of pictures, it became necessary, to fulfil the Queen's wishes, to seek in other countries, for those of Vanderwerf. *Vandermerf.*

Flanders, Holland and Germany, were searched, and Mr. Bertels, a foreign dealer, came to England to purchase for her Majesty, those that had been in Sir Gregory Page's collection, and on an average were 'till then, estimated at 350 guineas each; but they immediately rose to 600---Bertels even went as far as 7 and 800 for some of them;---and those purchases, intended

for the innocent amusement of an amiable and august Princess, who soon after became the victim of calumny and hatred, are now embellishing the public gallery of the Louvres.

PAUL POTTER, born at Enkhysen, 1625.

No. 170.

A Landscape with Cattle and Figures.

As Potter enjoyed a great reputation at the age of fifteen, we may say he had arrived at his meridian, when he was but twenty. It was then, he fell in love with Adriane Belkenede, the daughter of an architect, from whom he asked her in marriage, but the father offended at the request, answered, *I may be prevailed upon to give my daughter to an historical or a portrait painter, but can you imagine, I will give her to a painter of cows?*

However, when the architect saw that Potter was making a brilliant fortune, and that at so young an age, his

house was the rendezvous of men of distinction, of the princes, and ambassadors who were at the Hague, he began to think that there was merit in painting of cows, and granted his daughter to the artist, who rose in such esteem among his countrymen, that had he lived longer, (according to some authors) he would have become a burgomaster. But it is also reported, and believed by many, that when Raphael died, he was on the eve of being made a Cardinal, which could never have been the case, since he was neither a priest, nor in orders. One might indeed as well say, that if Sir Joshua Reynolds had lived, his Majesty would have made him Primate of England, and Archbishop of Canterbury.* *Potter.*

The composition of this picture, presents a meadow, in which are five cows and a calf, two goats and three sheep,

* No one can be made a Cardinal unless he is in Priests' orders, or at least a Clerk of the church, for it being a church dignity, it cannot be bestowed on a layman.

and almost all these animals are of colours happily varied, and in positions finely contrasted. with a clear and silvery sky of the greatest transparency, the clouds of which, are light and of the finest form.

To the right is a farm-house between two fine groups of trees, near which is a woman dressed in a red corset and blue petticoat, milking a beautiful cow spotted with yellow and white; and on the second ground, there is another standing, near which two sheep are lying down.

This picture, which is of a rich simplicity, is also of a most exquisite and firm execution.

ON CANVAS.

JOHN BONNAERT, born at Amsterdam.

No. 171.

Philip V. King of Spain, grandson to Lewis XIV.

This artist became a pupil of Vandermeulen, when he was in Brussels,

and followed him to France, in order to finish his studies; he painted landscape as well as portrait, in small, and was often employed by the Royal Family. *Bonnaert.*

As he was one day, painting Lewis XIV. who had with him the first President of the Parliament of Paris, with whom he was conversing, the sitting was interrupted by an interesting scene.

A French Count, whose family had great credit at court, was making it his diversion to kill people—once on his return from the chase, observing a tyler at work on the top of a house, he took a deliberate aim at him, fired, and killed the man, by way of amusement.

The noble villain had already committed murder twice, and at the moment that the King was sitting to Bonnaert, one of the Count's relatives came to throw himself at his feet, to supplicate pardon for another murder he had just committed.

"That is not to be borne," said Lewis XIV. "this is the third man he

ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM OXFORD

has killed?" *Excuse me, Sire,* replied the first President, *the Count only killed one, and your Majesty has killed the two others.*

The king, sensible of the reproach of having pardoned him the first time, broke up the sitting, and retired.--The Count however was once more pardoned; *but if any one kills him,* said his Majesty in granting the favour, *he will also be pardoned.* This was soon spread, and two days after, the detested Count fell.

Bonnaert.

The picture represents Philip V. when a child, walking with a greyhound, in the orangery of Versailles.

ON COPPER.

We must remark in finishing the last of the old schools, that, according to the promise we made in the preface, we have not, (at least in our opinion) carried our praises of the pictures beyond their deserts, and our having made the purchase of them, is the best proof we can give that we thought them meritorious; therefore if they are not really so, it will not be attributed to a

want of integrity, but to a real want of judgment on our part.

We must also add, that we have spoke in the plural, not by way of innovation, but in conformity to the different French *catalogues raisonnés* that have come to our hands.

English School.

JAMES NORTHCOTE, Esq. born in Devonshire.

No. 172.

The Arrival of Edward the 5th, King of England, into London.

The composition offers us five figures, large as life.—The young Monarch, just arrived in London, is receiving the Duke of York, his brother, an infant of seven years old—they are both in the front of the picture embracing.

Behind the King is the Duke of Glocester, his uncle,* in armour, and who is leaning on the throne; the faithful Lord Hastings, the Chamberlain, is near him: and to the right, we see the good and honest, but too weak and credulous Cardinal Bourchier, extending his hands to bless these young Princes, of whose ruin he became the cause.

ON CANVAS.

* It is the portrait of Mr. Kemble, who sat for it to the Artist.

BY THE SAME.

No. 173.

The Assassins coming to surprize Edward the 5th, and the Duke of York.

As Mr. Northcote had painted this subject and the preceding, with much success, for the gallery of Messrs. Boydell, we requested him to repeat the subjects for this collection, which he has done, with alterations. *Northcote.*

The composition of this, presents but four figures. We see in the front of the picture, the young unfortunate princes asleep in their beds, and the murderers (one of whom carries a lamp) advancing to smother them with pillows.

ON CANVAS.

JOHN OPIE, Esq. born in Cornwall.

No. 174.

Damon and Musidora.

Musidora is seated in a landscape, in the front of the picture, clothed in a

white drapery that falls down to her feet, and which she is arranging, while Damon concealed behind some trees, advances with slow steps, to surprize her.

Opie. The figures are large as life—perfectly drawn, and of the finest colouring—this work is engraved.

ON CANVAS.

STUART.

No. 175.

Macbeth and the Witches.

Stuart is the artist, who retired some years ago, to America, where he painted that superb picture of General Washington, which is in the collection of the Marquis of Lansdown, and it is the work now before us, which even previous to it's being quite finished, laid the foundation of the high reputation he has acquired; for during the time he was painting it, crowds of people were continually going to see it.

Such was the friendship of Sir Chas. Hotham, for Mr. Kemble, that he wished to have his portrait; and so great was his admiration of his talents, that he wished to have him in one of his characters.—Sir Charles gave the preference to the one of Macbeth, as most adapted to the spirited genius of the artist, and Mr. Kemble sat to him, *Stuart.* several times.

This scene, is so universally known, that it would be ridiculous to describe it.

ON CANVAS.

Sir FRANCIS BOURGEOIS, born in London.

No. 176.

A Landscape with Figures.

This is a view from nature, which presents to the right, a terrace, upon which a sow is lying down suckling her young ones; near them, another pig is standing, and on the other side of the terrace, are some trees.

In the centre, two little pigs, strayed

from their mother, are running towards her, to suck with the rest.

There is also in the centre, a palisade, through which the eye pierces into an extensive country.

To the left, a peasant coming from work, is resting himself and drinking out of a keg, as country people usually carry out with them, when at work.

His little boy is at his side, and pulls him by the arm, as if to hinder him from drinking all it contains; we see also near him a shovel, pick-axe and basket.

Stuart.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 177.

The Landing of Norman Horses out of the Dieppe Packet-boat, at Brighthelmstone.

This work was painted before the breaking out of the war between England and France. At that time, they often brought horses by the packet,

from Dieppe to Brighthelmstone, where the artist painted it after nature.

The fore-ground of the picture, presents the view of a shore, covered with different figures, and the sea, with fishing boats and other vessels.

On the left of the picture, advances a young man, leading by the halter, one of the horses just landed, and is followed by another, whom his guide can scarcely manage, being still in the sea, and frightened by the noise of the waves. *Stuart.*

Numbers of spectators, are approaching, among whom two gentlemen are conversing, and strictly examining the horse just landed. Near them, a little boy that a dog is fawning upon, holds out his hat for alms; and behind, are a man, and a woman who holds in her arms a child, and an old man leaning upon his stick. On the same side, is a groom mounted upon a horse that he has been bathing, whilst a fisherman, who seems tired, leans upon one of those turning posts, fixed by the sea-side;

near, is a child who has just come out of the water, sitting employed in dressing himself.

In the centre of the picture, are two fishermen, one lying down upon the sand, and the other in boots, drawing his net that he had extended to dry: he is standing and conversing with a woman who leans upon his shoulder; and near them, a greyhound has leapt into the water, and runs after the first horse that reaches the shore. On the right of the picture, are seen two other fishermen, upon the shore, one sitting, and the other standing; they have near them, a basket of fish, and a dog who is going off; we distinguish also, on the same side, the Dieppe Packet-boat, and several little boats employed in the landing of the horses.

Stuart.

Already those who have assisted in getting the two horses on shore, are returned to the packet-boat; and we see another, in which is a man, who holds the halter of a third horse, descending into the sea, where he is swim-

ming, and of which the head only is seen on the surface of the water; and farther, another bark is fastened by a rope to the packet, to lead another horse that is going to descend into the sea, and which is already suspended by a pulley.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

Stuart.

No. 178.

A Landscape, with a Rainbow.

The centre of the picture, presents a little hill covered with verdure. Upon the summit are some sheep, and a young man extended on the ground, with his dog by him; a young girl is standing at his side, one of her petticoats thrown over her head, to guard her from the wind. The agitation of the trees, with which the left of the picture is embellished, indicates it's blowing with great violence—they are

both attentively examining a rainbow just formed in the sky.

The right presents a river, on the side of which, is discovered an old castle; and the fore-ground is enriched with various leafage and trunks of trees.

ON CANVAS.

Stuart.

BY THE SAME.

No. 179.

The Funeral of a White Friar.

The composition offers us seventeen figures in a landscape, where friars are seen going to inter one of their brethren, in their burying ground, at a little distance from the convent.

Upon a high road, on the fore-ground of the picture, to the right, four children of the choir, are preceding the procession, according to custom, dressed in the habits of white friars—the head shaved, the feet naked, and surplices on for the funeral ceremony; the youngest

walks first, and is carrying the incense; but having advanced too far before the others, he stops to wait their rejoining him; the two who are following, hold each a lighted torch before the crucifix, with which the fourth advances, holding it raised with both hands. *Bourgeois.*

A few steps behind them, walks the chorister of the convent, with a book open in his hand, and his eyes raised to heaven, singing psalms with the children. Immediately after him, are four friars carrying the body of their deceased brother, over whom they have thrown a white cloth, but his head and feet remain uncovered; he is followed by the rest of the community, who walk two and two, in prayers and meditation.

On this side of the road, to the left of the picture, are some large trees, extending their branches to the sky; and on the second ground, is a little hill, upon which are seen, towards the centre of the picture, some sheep, watched by a girl and a boy, who have stopped to view the procession, and humbly incline

themselves while it passes; by the side of the little hill, a river bordered with trees, offers itself to the sight, and at a distance, some mountains.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 180.

Watering of Horses.

The picture presents a landscape with the declining sun.

Bourgeois To the left, on the side of a group of trees, is a pump, where a young peasant comes to water two horses, just returned from work, and unharnessed; his dog is near him.

The fore-ground, towards the centre, offers a brook, and to the right a tree lying down.

On the second ground, is seen a piece of water, and a little hill crowned with trees, where some sheep are feeding—a man, who is standing in a little cart, drawn by a horse, is coming with some cows going on before him.

We distinguish also, a kiln burning, and some edifices almost lost to the sight, from the great distance.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 181.

A Shepherd and his Flock.

In the centre of a landscape, lighted by the rising sun, we see a cluster of trees, at the foot of which a flock of sheep are feeding, guarded by a shepherd, who is sitting on the left of the picture, caressing his dog; and the right is occupied by a sheet of water, in which the first rays of the rising sun, are beautifully reflected. *Bourgeois*

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 182.

The Bathing of Horses in the Sea.

The picture represents a view of the sea, covered with an infinite number of

sails, and into which the grooms are conducting horses, for the purpose of bathing; the centre of the piece, represents two of them, just going in, led by their guides, and one of them startled by the roaring of the waves, rears on his hind legs.

A fisherman is sitting on the shore, to the right, with a basket filled with his nets, and near him, other grooms advance with their horses; whilst on the left, some boys, who have just bathed themselves, are playing near the water.

Bourgeois

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME

No. 183.

Landscape with Gleaners, & it's Companion.

The right of the performance, is occupied by some trees, and a small farm-house, at the door of which, a sportsman has just stopped, with his horse and dogs, and a young woman, accompanied by a child, is bringing him a ba-

son of milk, which she has drawn from a cow that is near her; and on the other side, seated at the foot of a tree, a little boy is eating.

On this side the farm, are some trees, on which is a pigeon-house; and in the fore-ground, a hen and chickens, which she assembles under her wings, frightened at the sight of the dogs, whilst the cock boldly prepares himself to defend them. *Bourgeois.*

Some gleaners, with the corn that they have collected, are on the left, and more retired, on the other side of a piece of water, are some reapers, in a field of corn; an even country forms the back-ground, which continues 'till it is lost in the distance.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 184.

The Smugglers defeated.

This picture, on the right, offers us the view of the sea agitated, with some

fishing smacks; and on the left, an enormous mass of rocks, on this side of which are the smugglers defeated by a detachment of dragoons.

One of them, having been wounded in the action, is in his shirt, sitting on a bale of merchandize, with his uniform lying beside him; and he is supporting himself by leaning on his sabre, with his left arm, whilst another dragoon dresses the wound he has received in his right.

Bourgeois.

Their horses are in the corner, attached to each other, and guarded by a dragoon who has dismounted. One of the smugglers, is sitting in the foreground of the picture, and dressing his leg, in which he has been wounded; behind him, one of his companions, is seated on a cask of spirits, whilst three others, who are standing together, are engaged in conversation.

Not far off, and loaded with smuggled merchandize, are their horses, one of whom is lying dead on the ground, over which the arms of the smugglers, are scat-

tered; on the same side, a dragoon darts with velocity towards the right of the picture where a young Englishman, a worthy rival of his countrymen in Egypt, and fitter for such engagements, than an attack upon smugglers, presents a lively picture of heroism and courage.

Bourgeois.

The youthful hero, mounted on his spirited steed, is compleating the defeat, by seizing the last of the smugglers, who is on a horse, loaded with a large portmanteau, and whose dog flies with fury at the dragoon, while his master has just discharged his pistol, which the young soldier successfully parried, and seizing the smuggler at the breast, vigorously rises him from the saddle of his horse, with one arm, whilst his uplifted sabre in the other, threatens to cleave him in two---but one may see that the affrighted culprit yields to his courageous adversary, and cries for mercy.

ON CANVAS.

CHARLES CATON, Esq. born in London.

No. 185.

A Child.

This is a child of natural growth, extremely well drawn, and finely coloured, asleep in a cradle, with a green curtain, and the head covered with a linen cap, bordered with lace.

ON CANVAS.

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, born in Devonshire, 1723.

No. 186.

Portrait of a Boy.

It is a full face, the head uncovered, and he is dressed in black, with a ruff. From the execution of this work, and the animation, as well as the expression in the figure, it must be acknowledged that it is one of the artist's most masterly performances.

ON CANVAS.

BY THE SAME.

No. 187.

A General Officer.

This portrait is asserted by some to be that of Lord Albemarle, by others of Lord Ligonier: we leave the decision to those who have known them.

The scene is a field of battle, which the General enters, mounted on a fiery white steed, richly caparisoned with blue velvet, edged with gold; it's heroic rider appears to direct his course towards a warm engagement of cavalry, at a distance; he is in armour, his sword at his side, and his batoon in his hand. *Reynolds.*

With every sense of the merits of the old masters, we feel equal gratification in admiring those of the modern; and it will be allowed that such pictures as this, will always deserve a place among the best productions of the old school; indeed it would exceed the utmost stretch of our abilities, were we to attempt rendering justice to the works of

this illustrious painter, to whom we are all so much indebted for this school.

That school was wanting to the splendor of Great Britain, when his Majesty, whose views have alike, been directed to the most useful pursuits, and the glory of his country, instituted the Royal Academy; and happily at an epoch, when there existed an artist, whose brilliant genius, manners and talents rendered him so worthy to preside over it; one who united the man of letters and the accomplished gentleman with the great painter; and who therefore, possessed of real taste, by his own works, as well as by his precepts, soon laid the foundation of that celebrity, which British artists have hitherto acquired, and which we hope, through a liberal encouragement of the community, will be long increasing, under the august auspices of our gracious Sovereign, and the patronage of our Nobility, that exalted and distinguished body, which adds so much lustre and respectability to Great Britain, and whose only pride, in

Reynolds.

their elevation, is to promote the good of their country.

May Sir Joshua's works, and the instructions he has left, be always the rules and models of our young artists! for throughout Europe, his pictures are daily rising in estimation, are more and more sought for by the connoisseurs, while his immortal discourses to the students of the Royal Academy, being now translated in different languages, are recommended every where, as the best guide for taste and learning. *Reynolds.*

We recollect his concluding the last, with name of Michael Angelo; and we cannot also conclude our catalogue with a dearer and a greater one than that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who will ever be regarded as the father of the English school.

FINIS.

When we published, about three weeks since, the first edition of this little work, we were not conscious it contained ought that might incur the displeasure of any one; as however some artists, and others who believe themselves to be so, have written to reproach

us with an intention of injuring them in their profession, and have censured several passages, that are not suppressed in the present edition; we think ourselves called upon, to say a few words in our own justification.

We are in the first place, reproached with having degraded in the eyes of the public, the whole body of painters, by accusing them generally of envy and jealousy.---As we have alleged nothing slightly, or inserted any thing in the catalogue, but what we believe to be strictly true, we should be wanting to ourselves were we to retract, what we then advanced.---The fact is as follows:

Having occasion, during the last autumn, to peruse the lives of the different painters, for the purpose of procuring the best information respecting the works that we had to describe, we were struck by observing that many of the most celebrated masters had been susceptible of so grovelling a passion as jealousy, and it reminded us of an observation we had before made, of some artists of our own time, who are subject to the same infirmity; for we have not unfrequently witnessed the cruel pleasure that they have taken in degrading the works of their fellow artists, and with a warmth that nearly bordered on rage.

Such was our inducement to observe it to be a misfortune that instead of a low envy, the bosom of the painter did not glow with the noble emulation that existed in other liberal professions.

What would have become of us, or what would have been the fate of Britain, if, about five years ago, when insurrection reigned throughout her fleets; our brave officers had, like many of our artists, been jealous of each other, and had not with an united hand, crushed the rebellion, and restored subordination?

Faction, in an academy of painting, is neither dangerous nor of much consequence to the state; but much more difficult to suppress, and more tedious in it's duration, than a political revolt.

Far from intending injury to any one, we have avoided mentioning, or pointedly attacking any individual; but in contributing our endeavours to root out an evil, which has been of considerable injury to the most meritorious painters, and particularly to young students, who stand in need of every assistance and advice, we have, on the authority of those authors mentioned in our preface, taxed Lanfranc, Claude, Rubens, and Velasquez, with jealousy and and envy. —We however solemnly declare we had no intention of alluding to those artists, who have written to us on the subject; on the contrary, we freely confess we are not aware of any resemblance that they bear in any respect whatever to those masters.

We intreat they will review the catalogue impartially, and they will observe that we have adopted great caution in mentioning the jealousy that exists among painters, and made very considerable exceptions to it's being general. We trust it will appear evident we have only attacked the guilty.

In a word, far from wishing to injure the body of painters, our attachment and zeal for their interest, is so well known, that within a short time past, the Royal Academy of London, and the Society for the encouragement of Arts and Sciences, have respectively honoured us with a vote of thanks, at one of their public meetings.

The next accusation against us is, our having said in No. 142, that *the art of painting admits of no mid-*

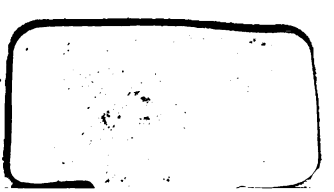
dle degrees; by which assertion, they pretend we have discouraged a number of men, who never can rise above mediocrity.

We have indeed asserted what is perfectly true, and continue to say, that such painters will never be ranked amongst artists, notwithstanding the vast quantity of canvas, which by a natural quickness of hand, they colour in the course of a twelvemonth; and we appeal to those who are acquainted with the difficulties of the art, to the professional men who really aim at fame, and are reminded of it's trouble and fatigue, by their daily painting, rubbing, effacing, and correcting works, with which they are themselves never pleased, 'till they are brought to a certain degree of perfection, by labour and great efforts of genius---On them we call to say whether our assertion is not just.

A set of men, stiling themselves artists, without any claim to the appellation, and a set of tasteless collectors, who satisfied with the most indifferent pictures, have filled their rooms at a few guineas expence, offended by our candour, have already raised the war-whoop against ourselves and a collection they have not yet seen. But we reflect on it with indifference, as we look forward with confidence, to the approbation of the true artist, and the impartial connoisseur. Far, therefore, from retracting what we have advanced about those pretended painters, who too frequently usurp the place of meritorious ones, we are more than ever, convinced that their knowledge and a total ignorance are perfectly on a par.

Any man blessed with common sense only, may, by study and labour, acquire science and sufficient knowledge to distinguish himself in most of the pro-

fessions of life; but notwithstanding good sense, labour, study, and knowledge are also necessary to form a painter, they are by no means sufficient; for he must besides, be endowed with that celestial fire called genius.

In time of yore, kind fairies, or Apollo himself, used to preside at the birth of poets and painters, in order to bestow on them, that precious gift; and as no one dared then, write verses or paint without it, taste was not offended and plagued with the works of a fop, foolish poems, and bad pictures: But in our days, in spite of taste and of Apollo, and quite a stranger to genius and to the art itself, any man who can buy a few yards of cloth, a pint of oil, and a pound of colours, sets up as a painter, and feels affronted if John Bull, not awed by the productions of his pencil, enters his painting room, in boots and with his hat on, for the new Apelles says, it ought not to be the case in a polite country.

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